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THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavour
To leap to heights that were made to climb :
By a burst of strength, of a thought most clever,
We plan to forestall and outwit time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having ;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn ;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the old times gone.

We force our roses before their season,
To bloom and blossom for us to wear ;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting ;
We want wealth—not as reward, but dower ;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest, or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet to shrink from the winning ;
To thirst for glory, yet fear to fight ;
Why, what can it lead to at last, but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight ?

Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our force and our strength in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasure we have not won.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A MESSAGE.

Her Excellency, Lady Beatrix Stanley, is pleased to send the following message to the Editor, Indian Ladies' Magazine :—

"I have read the August copy of the Indian Ladies' Magazine with great pleasure and interest. Both the production and the subject matter of the many articles and short stories are of a very high standard. I wish the Magazine and your readers every success and prosperity in the future."

BEATRIX STANLEY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE IN SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS.

IT has always been a rage with philosophers, ancient, and modern, to try to get a peep into the unknown. In Hindustan, most of the sages spent their time and labour in this direction to the exclusion of exploring the present and knowable sciences. Life after death is one of the matters that has troubled many minds. The solution has been attempted in all ages. Each religion has its own view of the question. But, after all is said and written, it is a mere speculation in the unknown. Shakespeare, like a wise man, does not try to solve it. He merely raises the question in simple and arresting words, which are as true to-day as they were hundreds of years ago :

"To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep ; perchance to dream ; ay there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause :

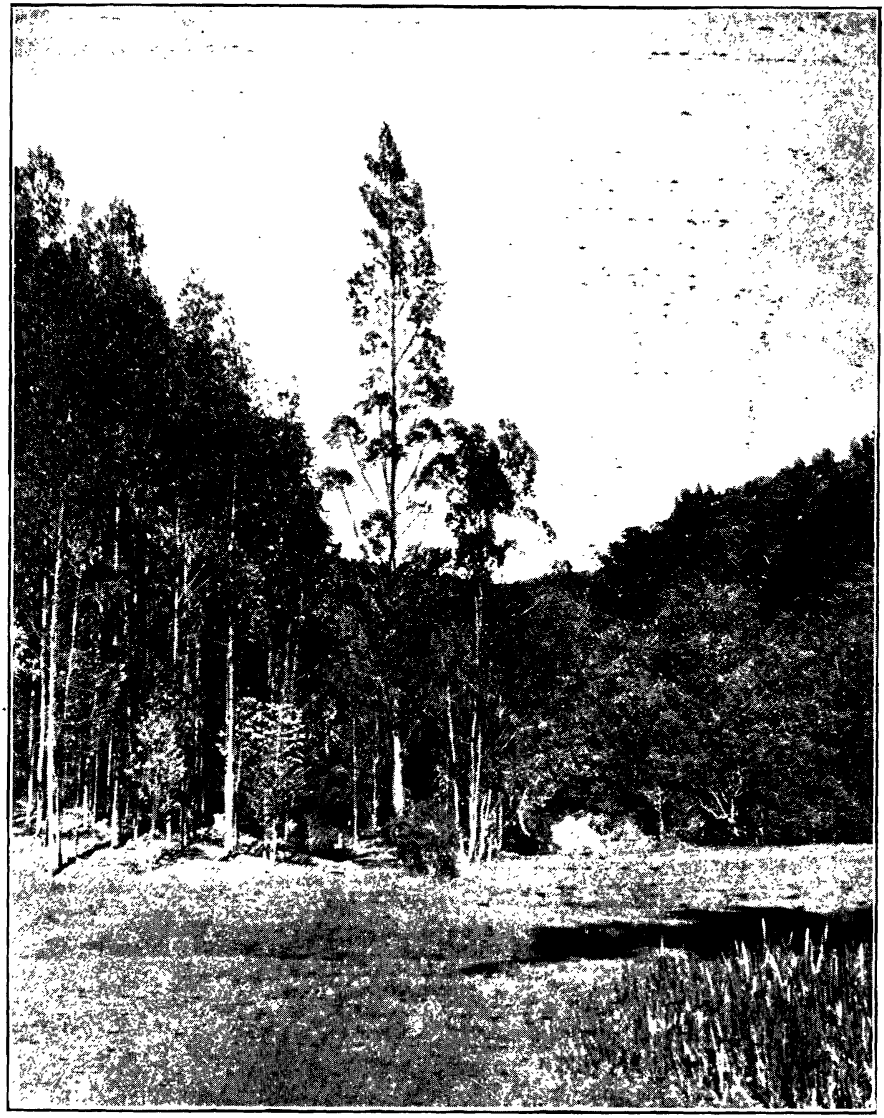
* * *

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No tracker returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of. "

The doctrine of a previous birth and of the soul only temporarily inhabiting this mortal frame in succession, is well-known to Indians. It may not be accepted by other religions. Wordsworth outlines the same, but whether he accepted it or not does not matter.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar :
Nor in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison house begin to close
upon the growing boy.



In the Valley of the river BHAVANI at Ooty.

Photo by : A. J. Pandian, Tanjore.

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in the joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east,
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

That riches and position and rank make for happiness is the commonly-accepted position. There are philosophers and thinkers and wise men, who have spurned this doctrine. Shakespeare in King Henry IV, Part II, has portrayed in a realistic manner the unhappy state of the King, who exclaims as follows, in language which is simple and not clouded by mysticism:

"How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing nightflies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

* * *

Then, happily low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The ignominious end of those, whose career had been marked by unholy and unrighteous ambition and avarice, has been the theme of many a writer of fiction and morals. Notwithstanding all this, its lure has drawn many a learned and holy man. Wolsey's parting words to Cromwell, his disciple, have a double significance. They depict Wolsey's sincere repentance, and at the same time they bring us the knowledge that Cromwell had not benefitted by the last words of his master.

" And thus far hear me, Cromwell:

* * *

Say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of the Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Be just and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's".

Soothsayers, fortune tellers, magicians and astrologers have flourished in all ages, and in their country they run a brisk trade and are given a religious compassion. Any thing said against them will be considered as offending religion. The following lines in Macbeth illustrate the tragic consequences of relying on such professors of the art :

Macbeth. " Thou losest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crest ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed.
That patter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

C. S. S.

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRIALISM AND WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

IT has been truly said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and I am afraid the division is not equal as to comfort and advantage. Personally, I feel that a lot of nonsense is written and talked about brotherhood, which we had better give up unless we are prepared to live up to all its implications. It is easy to shed tears over a play which depicts some sorrow of humanity, or to hand out a few annas to some victim of bad industrial

conditions. As the novelist, Rhoda Broughton, says, "We do this in order to enjoy our own dinner and increase our own leisures not from sympathy or a desire really to ameliorate the condition of the masses." It is not charity we are accusing, but we give hastily, to purchase exemption from the responsibility of having our consciences awakened and to avoid the uncomfortable feeling that our neighbours are living under inexcusably bad conditions.

I am not entering on a discussion of the evils of indiscriminate giving and the poverty that exists both in agricultural and industrial districts, but I want to discuss with you the responsibility you cannot escape of being born in the twentieth century and living in dependence on the labour, not of your immediate surroundings only, but of countless workers, of whose condition you can know but little, owing to the modern interdependence of one nation on another and the rapid transit of goods across continents and oceans, which bring commodities from other continents to our door for our daily use. The sense of responsibility can only be stimulated when we know and study and think, and have aroused in ourselves the necessity for knowing the condition of production as well as enjoying the results.

The Women's Society, to which I belong, woke up some years ago to the sense of the irreligiousness of ignorance and the laziness and selfishness which enables us to live on in comfort, without seeking to ameliorate the condition of the producers of these comforts, and try to go to the source of their evils. The Y. W. C. A., through its Industrial Law Bureau, its Hostels for young workers, its camps which have to be run cheaply owing to lowness of wages, felt it to be as much its religious responsibility to influence Governments to alter bad laws, as to run a Hospital or Holiday Home for the recovery and safe-guarding of those who labour in bad conditions.

It took on itself to rouse those who do not know, or worse, do not care to know, or worse still, do not care. There was an illustration to this from one of the witnesses to the Commissions on Labour, now sitting in different cities of India, when the wife of an employer showed extraordinary ignorance and gave for an answer that things were much as usual and therefore all right. Yet she could live on in luxury and callousness.

I thought I could limit my article on Industrialism to the consideration of those forms of Industry, by which we are enabled to enjoy the comforts and amenities of life, its cleanliness and health-giving arrangements ; but I find that there is scarcely a day, or a meal or a journey but makes us indebted to the labour of our fellow countrymen in everyday life, and, if looked into at all sympathetically, should arrouse in us sympathy and gratitude to the providers.

Does it occur to us to consider our responsibility in regard to these producers of those things we daily use?

Let us begin with the home, where a woman provides the meals which keep her husband and children in a good humour. Where does the breakfast and dinner come from? Even rice today is not home-ground and cleaned, it comes from the mill. I have travelled for miles and seen rice-mill after rice-mill, and one day, I asked the Director of one, with whom I was travelling, what were the wages given and what the conditions; and the answer was: "I am not concerned with that. I have only to do with the share-holder's money." Where was the logic of this? Where the sense of dependence and responsibility? How had he got the money to direct the expenditure? Some of us are share-holders in such enterprises, or our people are, and we are debtors to the labourers. Do we take the trouble to study the conditions, under which our dividends are made?

The women of India are proverbial for their cookery; in Europe we cannot make such curries, because we have not all the fresh herbs, but even "a good currie" does not satisfy the family; and, although fruit grows in abundance, the craving for variety is here as everywhere, and I have often seen tinned fruits from S. Africa and Australia served also!

We all frequent the bazaars; several times I have been round a country-bazaar, looking for products of Indian skill, and I have picked up article after article and seen the mark of Belgium, Czecho Slovakia, and Japan, which through the Industrial legation of today have reached the smallest villages of the land. And why are they displayed? Because they bring cheap comforts to the homes of India. Because of the industriousness and ingeniousness of the people of those countries, which produce things that the world wants.

India in its turn is obtaining work by industrialism, and the fashions of the West bring employment to this land. There has been a craze for lizard shoes and the manufacturers of the West send to India for skins. A leather factory, that I know was working at pressure speed to clean the skins, and sent far and wide through the country for animals to be caught, thus giving labour to hundreds in India's rural areas. Come to Cocanada with its beautiful little harbour and watch the boats coming down from far inland, laden with ground-nuts on their way to be made into French Olive Oil!

The reverse picture may be seen a few miles out at sea. Great oil tanks, conveying the oil which is enabling buses to afford transit to all the villages of India, which saves the labourers long weary tramps.

A further picture of import may be found at Calicut, at which port you may see, carried by hundreds of coolies, full-sized motor cars to enable the population of India to move about more quickly.

What then is our duty, as thinking women, towards this reign of Industrialism, which is sweeping over the world and changing the face of the country? We may encourage with Mahatma Gandhi, home industries; the wearing of *Khaddar* and the use of the *chakra*, and in this way help to maintain village-life industries, without the necessity for the men and often their families, migrating to cities; we may encourage land-owners and zemindars to train their families to care for their neighbours, start nursery schools and day schools; we may start settlement and welfare work and train girls or widows to teach the young and start boys' Clubs.

But—and this is the "but" throughout the whole world—the trend to go to cities through the cheaper method of mass-production; the educational facilities, the love of movement and change, the glamour and brightness of city-life makes its call on the people of the villages.

Our responsibility is (1) to watch this trend and keep municipalities up to their duty of providing decent lodgings.

(2) To encourage private enterprise in putting up buildings with a special system of beneficent rent-collecting, when mills commence in a neighbourhood.

(3) To give regularly, evening by evening, some of our leisure to run a night-school or a club.

(4) To influence employers to investigate from time to time conditions among their overseers through whose neglect grave difficulties occur.

(5) To see that our investments as far as we can judge are not sweating concerns.

(6) To cultivate a distaste for cheap articles which often means sweated labour.

(7) To follow with intelligent interest the reports of the Royal Commission on Labour. Mr. Whitley, the Chairman, is a man of great sympathy and as Speaker of the British House of Commons has a unique experience of dealing with men and women. Coming from an Industrial town, he understands the need of Industrial workers.

There is a woman of labour-experience, Miss Power, on the Commission, and there are women assessors. It is the Chairman's desire to get in touch on the women's side with all who suffer from the disastrous results of underpayment and ill-housing.

(8) To read some of the literature and government reports on Industrial subjects.

(9) To fit ourselves for taking a place on Municipal and Government councils and Committees.

(10) To follow with intelligent interest the reports of the Industrial Committee of the League of Nations.

I would make a special appeal to married women to form groups for weekly study of such subjects. Everyone has some time to give, and discussion on some of these great topics of interest would be better for the home than the gossip and useless conversation we often indulge in. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself", is an all-embracing Christian command and it means going into the details of the life of others and constantly helping to make improvements in the conditions of the labourers in the country, or the workers in the city, as well as seeing to our own household. Under modern conditions the world has become our neighbour and we are the employers of mill-workers in Japan, of people in Cape Colony, of children in China ; smoking Tobacco grown in Egypt, wearing foreign cloth, eating foreign fruits, decorating our rooms with foreign silk. So strongly did the Y. W. C. A. feel this responsibility that it has set aside one of its eight World's secretaries entirely for this subject, and Miss Dungman is visiting country after country to help each National Association to lay stress on this side of a Christian Association's responsibility. Through the Chinese Y. W. C. A., much has been done by Miss Agatha Harison, now a personal Assistant on the Royal Commission on Labour, to improve conditions of child and woman labour ; and the Church of China has made this responsibility a part of its membership test, remembering the old text of our sacred Books, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you", if you were in the same situation.

EMILY KINNAIRD.

LOVE IN SEPARATION.

IN Abbot's life of Napoleon, those really poetic chapters wherein Josephine appears, are worth reading.

Josephine and Napoleon loved each other passionately. She had shared his humbler fortunes, and had materially assisted him in the attainment of sovereignty. She adorned his court, gratified his pride and won the love of her people by her sincere good nature and active benevolence. Her power over him was great and uniformly exerted on the side of mercy. She was considered the good angel, who, more than any one else checked the fierce passions and violent temper of her lord. Her devotion to him was perfect. She partook of his labours, as far as he would permit, submitted to all his caprices and centred her whole existence in the contemplation of

his glory. For political reasons, such a wife was divorced in 1810 after a married life of 14 years. The correspondence between them is delightful reading.

Horatio Nelson, Napoleon's enemy, wrote to his intended bride in 1787, "Have you not heard that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now I am such a heretic as not to believe that article—for behold, every morning I have had six pails of water poured on my head, and instead of finding what sea-men say to be true, it goes on so contrary to the prescription that you must see me before the fixed time." "To write letters to you is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such as I am sure are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express—nor, indeed would I give much for any pen or head which could express feelings of that kind. Absent from you I feel no pleasure It is you who are everything to me. Without you I care not for this world, for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. These are my pleasant sentiments. God Almighty grant they may never change! Nor do I think they will. Indeed there is, as far as human knowledge, can judge a moral certainty that they cannot. For it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest or compulsion." And yet, what a change there was later!

When Manmatha was reduced to ashes, his wife Rati gave vent to her grief as follows:—"Though your bright form is burnt down I am still alive. Are not women hard-hearted? Where have you gone, leaving me alone just as a reservior of water bursting its dam leaves the lotus behind? We have done no wrong to each other. Why do you not show yourself to me who am weeping bitterly? You often said that I lived in your heart, which I think was either a falsehood or mere courtsey. Otherwise when you are dead, how do I remain quite unhurt? I shall soon follow you through fire to the other world. The moon, the cuckoo couple, the mango flower and the bees are all mourning for your loss; while the flowers with which you adorned me are yet fresh, your pretty form has disappeared. Since you are reduced to ashes how shall I offer you the final decoration. Your words, smiles, and acts constantly recur to my mind. Oh! Vasanta, my lord's comrade, where are you, were you also burnt down by Siva?"

To Vasanta, who then appeared, she said, weeping bitterly, "Behold the ashes of your friend which are being scattered by the winds. Oh! Manmatha, show yourself to your beloved friend, at least, Oh! Vasanta, your friend has gone and will not return, like the flame of a lamp blown by the wind, while I am left here like its smoking wick. Only half a murder is done by fate who has left me behind. Formerly you often made beds of flowers for us, but today prepare the funeral pyre, blow it with southern winds and

send me to my husband. When the moon and the clouds pass away, their wives, the moonlight and the lightning, disappear instantaneously. Even the inanimate world accepts that a wife should go with her husband. After I am burnt down, give a single, undivided handful of water for both of us, which your friend will drink in great delight. Offer him an oblation of mango leaves and sprouts, which were very dear to him." The above is a mirror of the thoughts of a bereaved wife even today.—[Kumarasambhava, canto IV].

Next my curiosity longed to know how a loving husband would mourn for his wife King Aja of Ayodhya won his bride Indumati in a *swayamwara* and loved her dearly. One day when they were sitting in a garden, a garland fell on Indumati from above, which caused her instantaneous death. Then Aja mourned her loss as follows :—If flowers can kill, what else may not serve as an instrument to fate when ready to kill a person? Perhaps a soft person is killed by a soft instrument, just as a lotus is killed by snow. Why does the same garland not kill me? Perhaps God's will can change nectar into poison and *vice versa*. Oh! Indumati, why do you, who were always kind not speak to me now? Why did you not bid me farewell when you departed for ever. Fie upon the frailty of human beings! Why dost thou abandon me who am innocent in thought, deed and word? When the breeze moves your curls of hair, I falsely fancy you have come back to life. Revive and dispel my sorrow. Your lotus-like face with eyes closed torments me. Couples separated unite again later. How can I bear eternal separation? Your tender body suffered pain even on a bed of flowers. How can I place it on a funeral pyre? Your motionless belt of bells seems to have died after thee. No doubt you bequeathed sweet speech to cuckoos, slow gait to swans, pretty glances to deer and sportiveness to creepers, but none of these can console me in my sorrow of separation from you. Why have you departed without celebrating the wedding of the mango tree and the priyangu creeper? How can I use the flowers of the Asoka plant nurtured by you for your funeral decoration? The very plant mourns for you. Why did you depart so suddenly without completing the garland which we were making? You have been cruel to your companions who shared in your joys and sorrows, to your son who is young and hopeful and to me who am wholly devoted to you. My courage has vanished; pleasures are no more; music has ceased; the seasons are joyless and ornaments are useless; thou wert my only wife, thou my counsellor, thou my companion in solitude, my beloved pupil in the fine arts; in short, by taking thee away what has not cruel death robbed me of? How will you drink oblations of water mixed with my tears?" [Raghuvamsa, Canto VIII].

When Lakshmana abandoned Sita in the forest according to

Lady VIDYABAHEN RAMANBHAI, B. A., who has just been appointed Hony. Secretary of the Ahmedabad National Indian Association for the year 1930.

Photo by : R. V. Rao, Srirangam

Mrs. Saraswati Nagabhushanam,
who has just been elected Vice-president of
the District Educational Council, Kistna.
She is the first lady in Kistna to attain this position.

Photo by : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

his brother's behest, her message to Rama is enchantingly interesting, though heart-rending ; she says, "Ask Rama whether it is consistent with his enlightenment or noble birth to abandon me thus, on account of a rumour, though I was declared pure by the God of Fire in his presence. I cannot think it to be a wanton act of Rama, who is always doing good to the world. After all, my own wicked karma must be to blame. Long ago when Rama left for Dandaka, I was preferred to the Goddess of Royalty. Now out of malice the Goddess of Royalty has sent me into the woods. Formerly I was able through his help to render protection to the ascetics. Now while he is yet alive it is painful to seek their protection for myself. I would have committed suicide, since this life is joyless and useless without him, had it not been for the child, which needs protection. Even in these circumstances I shall practise after the birth of the child such penance as will secure him for my husband in my next birth without separation. Since a king should protect all classes of people, I still deserve to be protected by Rama along with other ascetics."—[Raghuvamsa, Canto. XIV].

In the Ramayana when Sita was carried off by Ravana, Rama seems to forget his divinity for the moment and weeps bitterly like an ordinary mortal. He seems to be mad and questions animals and plants for information about his lost wife and recollects all the joys he had in her company which makes the separation keenly painful.

In Sakuntala, learned critics think that the fourth scene in the fourth act, where Kanwa expresses his sorrow at the departure of Sakuntala to her husband's house is the best in the book. But Act VI, where is depicted the penitence of Dushyanta for having abandoned Sakuntala, is also superb.

In Vikramorvasiya, Urvasi suddenly disappears and Vikrama's wailing and weeping for her is full of grandeur in its painful bitterness.

What is it that makes the painful suffering of others interesting to thinking readers ? A hero or heroine is interesting so long as he or she suffers pain and turmoil and overcomes them by the strength of the will. When once the turmoil is at an end the story closes. God sends troubles and sorrows to chasten us, to make us better men and women. Another view is that all our joys and sufferings are the result of our past actions, though we can modify them to some extent by the exercise of our free will. However, it is certain that we become better men and women by actual suffering. But, when that is not actually given to us, we can prepare ourselves to be heroes and heroines by the study of literature.

B. SHARADA BAI.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

"SOME NEW LIGHTS ON NADIVARMAN PALLAVAMALLAN. WHO IS HE?"*

NANDIVARMAN Pallavamallan, who was also known as Ekadhira, was one of the very powerful Emperors of Tamilakam in the age immediately preceding the ascendancy of the Cholas, i. e., about the beginning of the 9th century A. D. The period during which this Emperor reigned in South India is memorable in the History of the Tamil Land for various reasons. In the first place, it marked the culmination of the Pallava rule in South India. Secondly, it was at this period that the Saiva and Vaishnava revivalist movements were at their zenith The votaries of the former had for their preceptors Sundaramurtigal and Thirugnanasambandar, and of the latter Thirumangai Alwar. Thirdly, this epoch marked a new departure in the development of Art and Architecture. Fourthly, it saw the birth of local self-Government institutions to administer rural and urban affairs. The records of this age throw a flood of light on this subject.

The reign of this sovereign was the longest so far known among the Pallava or other dynasties, that held their sway over South India. His period of rule might be easily compared to those of Elizabeth, George III, or of Queen Victoria of British History. That Nandivarman was a powerful ruler is shown from the copper and stone inscriptions that have been found in this Presidency. It is said that his territory extended to Nellore in the North and Pudukottah in the South The Varaha Temple inscription at the Seven Pagodas and the inscriptions of the Vaikunta Perumal Temple at Kanchipuram amply show that he ruled over his kingdom for a long time, because the former inscription was said to have been written in the 65th year of his rule.

According to *South Indian Inscriptions*, we find that after the death of Paramesawaravarman, there being no direct heir to the Pallava throne, Nandivarman was installed on the gadi by the conjoint wish of the people of Kanchi, even though he was only twelve years of age. He seemed to have ruled for a long period of 62 years. To know the career and character of his reign, one should refer to his inscriptions and also to the Udayendiram, Kasakudi and Thandamthottam Copper-plates (grants) issued in his 21st, 22nd and 58th years respectively.

Several scholars have done some research in this direction

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*1 Dr. Fleet 715—765 A. D.
2. Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar 717—779 A. D.

to find out, with the aid of the inscriptions, the true identity of this ruler and the way he got to the throne, and their conclusions do not agree. Those, who carry on research on the basis of these inscriptions, should bear in mind that all these inscriptions were caused at the instance of Nandivarman himself.

To point out a few discrepancies: In the Udayendiram plate, this King is mentioned as the son of Paremeswaran II. In the Kasikudi inscriptions is recorded the method employed by Nandivarman to get possession of the kingdom and from the genealogy that is obtainable from the same inscriptions one can boldly say that he could not have been the heir of Parameswaran. *Iranyavarman*, according to Kasikudi inscriptions, appears to have been the father of Nandivarman and *Rogini* his mother. But it is impossible to arrive at any definite truth even with the help of the available records as to the ancestry of this *Rogini*.

In the Vaikunta Perumal Temple at Kanchipuram there are certain inscriptions and carvings on the walls caused by this King, which give some details about his reign and the manner in which he enthroned himself on the gadi of the Pallavas. Though the inscriptions are not clear, we find *inter alia* the following:

It is clear from the above that Parameswaran's life came to an end, while in communion with Vaikunta Perumal. It is shown by means of a beautiful carving in the temple side by side with the one depicting the coronation ceremony of Nandivarman, at which were present many ruling Princes, Chiefs, Ministers and the people. There are only two possibilities for Nandivarman gaining possession of the throne. Either he must have succeeded to it by killing Parameswaran in a battle, or he must have been elected King at the wish of the people. Mr, K. V. Subramania Aiyar suggests the latter theory. But there is not sufficient data to support Mr. Aiyar's arguments, because we find in the Kasikudi inscriptions Nandivarman's anxiety to get at the throne after the death of Parameswaran.

Nandivarman had a rival in the person of Chitramayan, who too was biding his time to take possession of the kingdom. The name Chitramayan seems to be a fictitious one. There is nothing to show in the inscriptions regarding the birth, relationship or claims to the Pallava throne of Chitramayan. Some Historians surmise that he must have been the illegitimate son of Parameswaran, because Nandivarman often told his people that his mother was the legitimate wife of his father. Let us consider for a moment his motive for saying so. Could it have been to eradicate the false notions engendered in the people's mind regarding his birth? Or was it merely to play with his rival Chitramayan? One of the noble traits of the Tamil Kings was that they never referred to their ancestry in bombast. Naturally, one is led

to suspect that Nandivarman's enemies had spread a wrong impression abroad as to the legitimacy of his claim. There is also a possibility that Chitramayan was the legitimate son of Parameswaran and that Nandivarman had no title to the throne, but was simply devising ways and means to get at the throne. The inscriptions tell us that Chitramayan was on friendly terms with the Chera and Pandya monarchs of that period. The Pandyan King *Maravarman* had many a time warred with Nandivarman Pallavamallan. If Chitramayan had not belonged to the Pallava Royal family, Maravarman would not have cared to render assistance to him. It might be suggested that the Pandya King espoused the cause of Chitramayan with a view to annex the Pallava territory. It must be said to the credit of Nandivarman that in all his inscriptions he has spoken in appreciative terms of Parameswaran; and he had not said one unkind word of Chitramayan, though he was his rival. The inscriptions published in *Indian Antiquary* (Vol. VIII p. 167) describe how he came to the throne. Chitramayan, who had an eye on the Pallava Kingdom, always quarrelled with Nandivarman and while he was besieging *Nathankiol* otherwise known as *Nandipurak-kottai* with the help of his old relative *Manther Maran Arikesari Pandyan*, a Pallava commander by name Udayachandran, killed him and routed his followers and thus helped Nandivarman to get possession of the Pallava kingdom. On hearing this news Manther Maran Arikesari got enraged and warred on Pallavamallan and defeated him successively at *Neduvayil, Kurumadi, Mannaik-kurichi, Thirumangai, Puvalur, Kodumpalur, and Sankaramangai.*

Among others the following three events stand out prominent in connection with the reign of Nandivarman Pallavamallan :

(1) The coalition of the Southern Kings to crush the supremacy of the Pallavas by championing the claims of Chitramayan as opposed to the lawful claims of Nandivarman.

(2) The age-long dispute between Pallavas and Chalukyas was carried on in this reign also.

(3) The invasion by Rashtrakuta Dantidurga of Kanchi. The details connected with this event are not available but there is a reference to this in the hymns of one of co-eval Alwars, viz., Thirumangai Mannar, in his description of the Ashtabrijakara Temple at Kanchi.

Nandivarman's victories over Gangas, Pandyas, Konkanas and Cholas who became his vassals, are recorded in several copper plates issued by this King. He seemed to have celebrated his Aswameda sacrifice only after these victories.

The reforms carried out by him in social and intellectual spheres were no less than his martial exploits. He was a great patron of learning in that he planted many Brahmanical colonies

and founded Agrahars. A large number of temples were built, not only in and around the Capital, but all over the Pallava Empire. Great facilities were afforded to irrigation.

No one has yet discovered any portrait or image of this Nandivarman, but we get certain very interesting glimpses of personal accomplishments from the copper-plates wherein his attainments are described. The Sanskrit poet Trivikrama, in his *Prashasti* portion of the Kasakudi grant, compares Nandivarman to "Vijaya in battle, Karnisuta in the attainment of arts, Rama in archery, King Vatsa in knowledge of elephants and music, Valmiki in poetical attainments, Brahspathi in statesmanship and Yudhisthira in his interest in the welfare of the subjects."

One can also find from the copper-plate inscriptions that great impetus was given during this period to cultural development, particularly in Sanskrit Literature.

Pallavamallan was devoutly attached to Vaishnavism, but like other Hindu Kings was tolerant to other views. His copper plates describe him as "an ardent worshipper at the feet of Mukunda and of Hari and invariably contain invocatory verses to Vishnu."

PANDIT N. CHENGALWARAYAN.

OUR POETRY PAGE

DAMAYANTI AND THE SWAN

The sun is setting in the west,
White clouds are tinged with pink and gold ;
The sky shines crystal there, behold !
And all seek rest, bird, man and beast.

The breeze perfumed with softest scent,
How cool it wafts its gentle breath !
The blossoming shrubs are still as death,
But oh, my heart is torn and rent.

How smooth and calm this placid lake,
Beneath the gilded towering trees ;
But Damayanti knows no peace,
Such waves of grief, her bosom shake.

For outward glitter what care I ?
A princess is but human born ;
What pomp or glory daily worn,
Can give me that for which I sigh ?

The same sky spreads o'er thee and me,
Rises and sets, the self-same sun,
The very planets, stars and moon,
How blest they are thy form to see!

What mighty forces separate,
Two beings whose pulses beat in one?
Amidst great throngs, I feel alone,
Without Nala, my prince, my fate.

Ha! yonder stately snowwhite swan,
That steers among the lotus blown;
Could it but human speech had known,
Convey my love to that dear man!

Ha! is it true, thou wonder-bird?
I hear thee utter human speech.
Then take with thee, I do beseech,
My secret sorrow, to my lord.

H. KAVERI BAI.

THE PRINCESS OF UDAIPUR.

CHARACTERS:—

Rana Bhim Singh of Udaipur	Courtiers
Prince Kumar Singh of Jodhpur	Princess Mira Bai
The Emperor Akbar	Prince Kumar's mother
The Rana's Minister and Army General	Deva, the Nurse
	Ahalya
Chamberlain	Maids

THE PRINCESS OF UDAIPUR

(This play was written for School Girls.
There has been no attempt at historical accuracy).

Sc. I. Court of Bhim Singh—King of Udaipur

(Morning—Princess Mira Bai is seated alone in her room, attempting to read, but her attention seems divided.)

Princess:—I wonder what has happened. None of the maids seem to be here. Even my dear old nurse has left me alone.

(A maid peeps in)

Ahalya, Ahalya—come in. I have been waiting for one of you. Call my Nurse hither.

(The Nurse enters and she runs to her)

Prin. :—Deya, What is the matter in the palace? Is my father very ill?

Deya :—He is better, my child.

Prin. :—I have spent an anxious night. My father, ill as he is, has not been in his apartments since yesterday. For long he never left his bed, but today he is nowhere to be seen. The state of his health makes me anxious......What was all the hurry and confusion below, Deya?

Deya :—My heart breaks when I see the sorrows of my lord, the Rana.

(The Chamberlain enters)

Prin.—Sir, what has happened at the Court? Speak the truth and answer me quickly.

Cham. :—The Mughal invaders have set foot in our land. They have a mighty army.

Prin.—Have they crossed the barrier?

Cham.—They are encamped by the river Chambel. His Majesty, weak and infirm, languishes with grief.

Prin.—Is there no means to stay them?

Cham.—None, good lady; they will make our realm a desert.

Prin.—Go, and tell me the hour when my father is free. I would like to have an interiew with him.

Ahalya! take that fan, and fan me. *(To Deya)*, Did you see my father?

Deya :—He has been talking to me. His heart yearns over you. His majesty has no thought of himself. He is troubled about you.

Prin.—He shall have no cause to fear for my sake. Have courage, good lady Nothing shall grieve his heart. I shall go to my father presently. King Bhim Singh shall never have cause to grieve for me.

Sc. II The King is in his apartments walking about—
Mira Bai enters and falls at his feet.

Rana :—*(Raising her)* Mira, my child, my only child, what brings you here in so troubled a condition?

Prin—Father! You look brave, but I know you are grieved at heart. I have grown up within these lonely walls. You have been both father and mother to me from my childhood. You have felt a pleasure in everything that I did. Is my life now

to become a source of unhappiness to you, father? In what have I erred, that you should take thought for me and lose courage and hope? The brightness of your face has vanished. Father! I have never seen you so distressed.

Rana :—My child! The Mughals stand without our walls. Had your brother lived, I could have boldly rushed to battle. I have neither men to command, nor soldiers to follow. I am come to my last days.

Prin.—Say not so, father!

Rana :—My Mira! (*drawing her close*) To whom shall I entrust you?—My—only—child. Am I to leave you helpless—a prey to these plundering Mughals? Your poor mother died on the pyre to save herself. It was ten years ago—You were just a child. These same men killed and slaughtered our people and I fled with you across the hills, my child, just to save you. I have lived for you. You have been my only hope. Now I go the way of my ancestors. I leave you in the hands of God, (*Bows down in grief*).

Prin :—Father! Is it proper for the Rana to set by the cares of his Kingdom and sit thinking of his daughter? Prepare for fight my father, and think of the people you can save from death. I am only one of the many millions under your care. Be courageous, and fight for them.

Adieu! (*Retires*)

Sc. III. Jodhpur. Prince Kumara Singh with his Mother.

K. Singh :—Mother; I shall not stay here longer. The Mughal invaders have crossed the border. Every minute that I delay is fraught with danger. Bhim Singh is in despair.

Mother :—Son! do you go to help Bhim Singh? He has taunted you, he has attacked you, he has made you suffer indignities, he has put you to servitude! Dare you forget all these and run to his help?

K. Singh :—It is not for his sake, mother, that I go to help the Princess.

Mother :—Leave all thoughts of her, my son; She was promised you when your good father lived, but we have since fallen on evil days. Now Bhim Singh thinks of wedding her to a richer prince. Why do you still take thought of her?

K. Singh :—Not to save her alone, but to save also the people of Udaipur.

Mother :—Is a mother's love so little that you should forget her grief and think of others more than of her?

K. Sing :—Mother ! Has misfortune so changed your feelings ? Was it not from you that I first heard tales of Rajput valour ? Many an evening have you spent telling me stories of men sacrificing themselves for their country and their King. I caught their valour from your eyes. Your spirit gave me life. At ten, you armed me and sent me out to battle. Now, has your courage failed you ? Your eyes shot forth fire when you heard of the Prince of Jaipur feasting in his place, while his neighbouring kingdom was being despoiled. Have those days passed for ever ? You must not be afraid ; I shall return victorious. Be as you were before, and feed me with your courage.

Mother :—... ... ... It is sad to part ... ... I am still the mother that you knew of old ... ... the mother that has borne so brave a son ... ... You are prepared ... ... your heart is set upon it...... I leave you to go

(Blesses him) God be with you !

(*He falls at her feet and retires*).

Sc. 4. The Prince is ready for departure.

K. Singh :—Is everything ready ?

Minister :—Yes, my lord.

K. Singh :—Let us start without delay.

I hope to return victorious within a fortnight; but, should I fall in battle, do not turn traitor to your King. Look to my mother.

(*Minister bows and retires*).

Is the Army General there ?

A Courtier :—He waits, my lord.

K. Singh :—Come in.

How strong is our army ?

A. General :—10 thousand strong. Two thousand are on the march, commanded by Dughal Singh and Amir. They go by Chitor and will reach the Mughal camp by tomorrow. The Cavalry numbers 5000 of the best. The commanders are good, the arrangements are perfect, we have every hope of success.

K. Singh :—Let there be no delay.

(*Curtain.*)

Sc. 5 The Udaipur Princess in her room.

Prin.—Ahalya, what was the noise ?

Ahalya :—It was the noise of drum and trumpet announcing the approach of the Mughals. The Emperor Akbar has sent the leaders to open negotiations with His Majesty the Rana.

Prin.—I wish the Mughals will withdraw in peace.

Ahalya :—(*Goes and comes back*). The minister waits to approach your presence.

(*Sets everything in order*)

Prin :—Let him in.

(*Enters and salutes*) Happy news, Sir?

Minister :—Yes, lady.

Prin :—Are the Mughals for peace? Say that we shall give them a quarter of the kingdom, and all the money in the treasury; then let them go!

Minister :—The great Emperor Akbar has enough of wealth and possessions. He cares not for these barren wastes.........He would have us accept him as our overlord.

Prin :—But, what says my father?

Minister :—He consents, but.. ....

Prin :—What!

Minister :—.........Akbar would have you...as his wife.

Prin :—Me! ......as—his—wife!?

Minister :—The Ranas of Chitor, and Jaipur have given their daughters to fill the harem of the Emperor.

Prin :—*(Stands up)*. Are you a Rajput? Is it Rajput blood that runs in your veins. Do you know what it is to be a slave to the Mughal, and would you ask me to marry a Mohamedan? In what does the noble line of Udaipur boast of, if not in its pure blood? Why did my father leave the castle and run with me as an infant across the hills? Was it not to save me from the clutches of these monsters? Sir, did my father consent to this? My mother committed *Johur* . ...Take no thought of me, of how I may live or prosper. When my good father falls in battle, I am ready to follow him

Minister :—Say not this, lady; you are young.

Prin :—What is life, that I should cling to it and suffer dishonour?

Minis :—Save the whole realm from destruction.

Prin :—No! ..... Hearken, Oh! ye Gods, and listen, all immortals. I swear by my aged father, by my mother who is dead and by every Rajput under the sun, that I shall embrace death and sweet rest, rather than marriage with this ruthless Mughal.

(*Sits down thinking*)

I fear the Mughal is waiting for an answer. Sir, you may go and prepare for fight. If we fall in the battle, we shall die as Rajputs. *(Exit Minister)* Ahalya !—the hour has come. Make ready the funeral pyre in the middle of the court. I shall teach you how sweet it is to die...My mother...I follow.

(Enter Deya)

Peace, peace, peace my child. Banish all fear, Prince Kumara Singh, the prince who loved you and suffered for you, has come to help us.

Prin :—Oh ! he has never come ! My father was too hard upon him.

Deya :—Yea, he is come. His Majesty has received him with all honour. I never saw a face more handsome than his.

Prin :—The Gods *are* kind. We shall live.

Sc. 6. Akbar is in his camp, on his way to Malwa.

(Enter Jai Singh)

Jai Singh :—Your Majesty, I have brought the youth, Kumara Singh, who has challenged us to fight with him.

Akbar :—Treat him with all honour—Bring him in.

(K. Singh enters with a drawn sword)

The Mughal is not reacherous coward ; put by your sword and rest without fear.

(Sits)

Are you the youth that will stand against my unnumbered millions ? Have you ever heard of the Great Mughal ? You may as well fight the waves, as fight the armies of Akbar.

K. Singh.—I am a Rajput and a Rajput knows no fear. Single-handed, I shall face your millions......

Akbar :—*(Laughs outright)* I approve of your valour. You have a brave heart. But, fond youth, consider ; a glow-worm carries light, but that's no fire.

K. Singh :—Great Mughal, Rajasthan has yet many a brave soul ready to fight and die for her. Were I the only one, I should be ashamed of my country......We shall not be terrorised by your words March into our realm and the children in their cradles will take up arms.

Akbar :—*(Sits quiet for some time)*

We had not intended a bloody fight ; nor do we wish a devastating incursion into your territory. We resolved to quit your frontier having won your alliance and made certain arrangements.

Now, I see there are Rajputs brave enough to fight. Brave youth, lead your armies to battle and fair be the fight.

(Exit Prince)

Akbar :—Jai Singh !, we leave for Malwa tonight. The proceedings of tomorrow shall be left entirely to you. The campaign in Malwa is likely to tire us out. Join us soon after the fight. The prince, who was here now, is a brave youth. Take him in custody when he falls in battle. We need him in the South.

(Exeunt)

Sc. 7 Udaipur; a well-furnished room

The maids at work

Prin :—What makes you so thoughtful, Ahalya? I have been talking to you all this time and you have not listened to a word of mine.

Ahalya :—It seemed to me that I heard an uproar and I was just trying to make out what it was. Don't you feel anxious about the issue of the battle ? I am really surprised to see you so light-hearted.

Prin :—Why ! I know the prince will win. Leave the funeral pyre still burning ; and, if we are defeated, we shall burn to death.

Ahalya :—And we shall all follow you. Ah ! what means that shouting ?

Prin :- Ahalya ! Is that not the shout of our men? Will you go and inquire what it is ? Ye Gods ... Gods ... be merciful...... The hour for death is come......*(sits)*

(Enter Deya)

Prin :—What, my nurse ? ... *(embracing her)*

Deya :—The Mughal army has been defeated; Prince Kumara Singh has come hither in triumph.

My child, your sorrows have come to an end !

(The princess sits down. A long silence)

Enter Ahalya

Ahalya :—I cannot believe my eyes. His Majesty is sending the prince hither.

(They prepare for the reception of the prince)

Enter K. Singh

Prin :—Victorious prince— the preserver of my life and my honour, I thank you for having come to help us, forgetting the past.

K. S. :—Oh ! strangle all thoughts of the past. I did just my duty. Can I sit feasting on a throne, while another Rajput is being ousted from it ? Mira ! could anything stay me back, when your life was in danger ?

"For I am thine, my fair,
For I cannot be mine own,
Nor anything to any, if thou be not there"

(Curtain)

Sc. 8 The Durbar Hall of Rana Bhim Singh

Rana :We have most unexpectedly won a victory against the Great Mughal Army. In honour of it, we wish that there shall be public rejoicing for a week throughout our kingdom. As for prince Kumara Singh, the valiant prince of Jodhpur, who has thus most magnanimously helped us and saved our land, it is our pleasure that we give our daughter in marriage to him. We shall celebrate the marriage with due pomp and honour within a week. In token of our love and gratitude to our prince, we resign the kingdom of Udaipur into his hands from today.

"V".

THE HOUSE-FLY.

It has been said that the house-fly is a winged sponge, flying hither and thither to fulfil the foul behests of contagion. However, it is only when house-flies occur in large numbers and cause direct annoyance that people take notice of this filthy carrier of disease and death, although entomologists have written much about its peculiar scientific and anatomical features, and sanitarians have said a great deal about its being a menace to the health of man. The house-fly is the dissiminator of cholera, enteric fever, bacillary dysentery and many other diseases.

The house-fly lays its eggs in decaying matter, especially dung or manure heaps. From the tiny white eggs, small maggots hatch. The maggots feed on the rotting matter about them, and when full-grown they creep into the drier surroundings and turn into small brown longish bodies, known as pupae. After a few days in this stage, the fly, which has been forming inside the pupae case, comes out. Usually it takes ten days, from the time the egg is laid, for the fly to emerge.

The house-fly cannot take solid food as it has no proper mouth. It only possesses a protrusile proboscis, which it can apply to the

food of its choice. Being unable to break off bits from its food, the house-fly has a method of discharging some saliva on the solid food. When the saliva has dissolved some of the material on which it was placed, the fly sucks it back This process is repeated when the fly feeds on solid substances like bread and sugar. The house-fly sucks up what liquid food it can get from foul manure heaps, dust bins, decaying household rubbish and discarded remnants of food. Then for variety in diet it visits the house for sugar, milk, bread and other wholesome foods. The taste of the housefly makes it look for the foulest decaying filth around houses and for the most savoury victual inside houses, and thus it carries disease-germs from the most unclean places to the most carefully-prepared food, thereby infecting people living in huts, hamlets or palaces.

Much can be done to lessen the number of house-flies and to prevent house-flies infecting food. Proper disposal of rubbish, manure and discarded food will check the breeding of house-flies. Fly-paper and poisoned baits may be used to kill flies. Contamination of food can be prevented by keeping all food covered with netting as far as possible and by not leaving about bits of food, crumbs and vessels, in which meals have been served.

"ENTOMOLOGIST."

KALI PUJA.

ONE day, I was sitting out under the stars, reading. It was a quiet evening, very peaceful, except for the noise of Indian music and *tom-toms*, which, I knew, celebrated a festival. I laid my book down, and fell into a reverie.

Suddenly, I felt excitement in the air. There were whispers and murmurs behind me, and now that I came to think of it, the noise of the music had come nearer and nearer. I looked around, and found a knot of the servants behind me, headed by the bearer.

"What is it?" I asked.

"They are coming here", the man ejaculated.

"Who?"

"The *Kali Puja* people. It is their custom every year to come here."

I sighed, for I knew the visit meant my being poorer by a few rupees. But what could one do in this land of precedent and custom?

So, I told *them* to come in.

Very soon, there was a terrible pandimonium. Heralded by flaming torches and the inevitable gas-lamp, group after group of people

sauntered in, and mobbed the place in front of me. Then, began the *Tamasha*.

The maddening beat of the drum began ; and, so hypnotising was it, that the spirit of dancing began to twitch even my feet. And then and there, I concluded to myself that, if I were an official in India, I would make up my mind to one thing. Whenever a riot in festival time threatened, the first step to quell it would be to stop the mad music of the drums and fifes.

There was no doubt that the Indians are a simple people. How simple they were, one could see by their childish antics, and the childish delight they took in everything. And, what about their faculty for organization ? Here were these poor uneducated creatures, managing with surprising orderliness a wonderfully varied show. What price then their educated brethren ? or does the present system of education undermine the valuable instincts of nature?

In front of the procession marched a man with the vessel of *puja* on his head—a brass pot garlanded with flowers, and painted on three sides with pictures of the goddess.

He moved aside, and then began the fire-dance. Two or three men, each holding in one hand an earthenware pot full of fire, which, when it sank was replenished with black oil, danced about most marvellously and dangerously, till my bewildered senses reeled.

Then, came the tiger dance. An extraordinary figure, naked except for a loin-cloth, and painted all over with black and yellow stripes, with his head swathed in a tight cap with pointed ears, leapt before me, held by three chains ; and behind it manoeuvred two men, posturing with a huge bunch of tassels and pom-poms, at the end of a swaying bent bamboo..., this represented the tail. Up and down leapt the tiger, straining at his chains ; then other figures leapt in, smaller ones this time. They began to crouch on the ground,—this animal family of tigress aud cubs,—and play about with an imaginary prey, represented by a lime, patting it, pretending to tear off bits from it, shaking it in their teeth. Oh, it was all well-considered and carried out !

After that, came Krishna and his *Gopis*, or shepherd women. The story is well-known;—how the God Vishnu came to earth in his incarnation of Krishna, and lived among shepherds. He loved playing the flute, and, when he grew up to young manhood, was always surrounded by a bevy of pretty women, who eagerly competed for his favour. Here was Krishna, dressed and painted in dark blue, for Krishna is a blue God, playing the flute in a very nonchalant manner. Round him danced and sang and bowed a circle of women. Under the fitful torch-light, the sight appeared quite legendary, except for one glaring incongruity. Did Krishna and his girls ever wear clouded spectacles ? Every one of these actors had a pair !

There was another dance after this—the *Rajah* or King dance —executed by figures dressed in gold tinsel and gilt crowns. The dance of the *drummers* followed, and most wonderfully they did it, posturing and doing trick antics in the intervals of their quick beats.

Then jumped a weird and dreadful figure into the arena, an impersonation of the goddess Kali, in whose honour the festival was held. Her face was painted all a blood colour, with bloody tongue hanging out, her long black hair drooping to her waist, a necklace of bones round her neck. Up and down she capered, sometimes roaring in blood-lust; but, with all her hideousness, there was reproduced a sort of dignity in her, which did not fail to impress the beholder.

And, all the while, on the outskirts of each dance, circled the quaint reeling figure of a man with closed eyes, who was either drunk, or pretended to be possessed. More and more excited did he become, and I kept a wary eye on him; suddenly, to my disappointment, he faded away.

And everywhere about us, even massed boldly on the verandah, stood the village audience, the children much wound-up, and breathing sibilantly with excitement. Yet withal, it was quite an orderly crowd.

How full of devotion were these simple folk, and how religion entered into every act of their lives. Here and there in the crowd, I noticed people carrying deep earthenware pans on their heads, in which grew to quite a luxuriant height, a collection of green plants. I was told that seeds of various grains had been planted eight days ago by devout and fasting people. If they kept a pure heart, and led a pure life during that time, the seeds would spront up into luxuriance. If not, they would die.

I was told that this Kali Puja took place once a year, and was celebrated severally by different castes among the *Sudras*. Before the Puja, the village crier went about for one or two nights calling on all devout people to help; and eventually each household contributed quite a munificent gift, considering India's poverty. And the beauty of it was that the money left over after the expenses, and the extra charity donations were to be given to the temple. Why then do Indians grudge help to much-needed schemes of philanthropy? The question has often exercised my mind. Is it because religion does not enter into the schemes; or perhaps the people are not got at in the proper way; or are the schemes too Westernised for the average Indian mind?

Kali, or the black goddess, we know, is another name for *Durga* the war goddess, the wife of god Siva, the Destroyer. I have read of goddesses in other nations being compared to her, such as the *Scottish Cailleach*, or the *Egyptian Hathor* and *Sekhet*. The latter was the goddess of Revenge, who destroyed

the enemies of her lord. Kali in India is the special enemy of the demons, and rejoices in drinking their blood. The story goes that once she went forth to kill the evil ones, and became so absorbed in blood-lust, that she could not stop the slaughter. Then, her lord, Siva, went to her, and laid himself down among her victims. Kali jumped on him, and danced on him, not knowing who he was. Great was her shame when she became conscious of her mistake, her tongue hung so far out in her sense of disgrace, that she could not take it back again.

And yet, Kali was but another form of *Sati*, the good and gentle first wife of Siva. She was reputed to have immolated herself in the fire, because her husband was insulted by her father. Hence came the name of *Sati* for a widow, who in olden days burnt herself with the dead body of her husband. Sati was re-born as *Uma*, the goddess of divine Wisdom. There is a pretty story told about the love-romance between and her august husband. Kali is also *Jagad-gauri*, the harvest goddess, and the Earth-mother, who blesses her worshippers. Among *Toru Dutt's* poems is a very delightful story about *Jogadhya Uma*, who appeared to one of her humble worshippers, a mere bangle-seller, and rewarded him for his simple faith. Kali is also the golden *Parvati*, who is so attached to Siva, her husband, that she forms half his body. Finally, Kali, the Black goddess, forms one of the Trinity of goddesses, the other two being Sarasvati the white one, and Lakshmi, the Red one; the three being at the beginning but one goddess, created by Brahma, and representing the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Whenever the festival to Kali was not celebrated during the year, an epidemic of cholera or small-pox would result, I was told; and very often the omission of the festival would be dictated by the goddess herself in a dream or vision, thus intimating her desire to punish or reward her devotees. Once, the records in an important office caught fire, and were all destroyed; and the belief was that it was the goddess Kali, who had caused the fire as a punishment.

"AN ONLOOKER."

IN MAN'S REALM

1 WHAT IS A FATHER TO DO?

ONE often hears of a mother's role and a mother's privileges and responsibilities. It is seldom that one hears of the duties of fathers, and yet that they do exist there is no doubt. IA father is as much a factor in his child's life as his mother.

think this applies more to a son than to a daughter, though I know that people do say that a daughter prefers her father, while a son sticks to his mother. In the Parents' Magazine, this is what I read as a father's opinion :—"As the father of four children, I am seriously intent upon being a good father, but I am not sure that I know how to go about it. The literature on the subject, of which I have read a good deal, seems to stress one point above all others —Dad must be a pal. He must play with the children, be interested in what interests them, share their joys and griefs and thus maintain such an atmosphere of comradeship that he will be their natural confidant. This, of course, applies particularly to the case of boys ; and, as three-fourths of my children are boys, it would seem to apply to me. But the blunt truth is that I do not measure up to this standard and I never shall. Does it follow that I am a failure as a father? Maybe it does. I do not know any way to find out except to wait a few years and see how things develop."

This father lays it down that too much interference with the children by their adult relatives, and too much legislation in the house is unfair, and may result in making the child too artificial. "My notion of the parents' role is that they should be interested observers, always observant and always ready, but never needlessly obtrusive. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that one of the crimes of parents in bringing up children is too much interference."

What appear as "faults" in children may be sometimes merely a question of clash between the points of view of the youngsters and the adults ; such for example as noise-making. Restraint is necessary, if peace is to be secured for the latter ; but is it not perfectly normal on the part of the former to be noisy? Then, there is the question of making the children tidy themselves. This obtains especially in the West, where parents insist on their children coming to meals in a clean and neat condition, where school discipline in such matters is very firm, and where certain good manners are insisted on. "What value these efforts may have will depend largely on whether their real purpose is to help the child, or to save oneself annoyance."

Training and discipline are of course very necessary, not only as a needed restraint, but also as a method of teaching thoughtfulness for others. "Children are adults-to-be. This, as I have already suggested, involves a certain responsibility on the part of parents. I think that disciplinary measures are sometimes justified on this ground when they could not be on any other : for example, the exacting of prompt obedience to orders, when orders have to be given. Both the obedience and the promptness have great value as a training for adult life. On the other hand, the same consideration demands that a maximum of freedom of choice and action be allowed. Only thus can initiative, resourcefulness, a sense of responsibility, be developed."

It must be remembered, when concessions are being considered, that children are always *children*. What annoys and hurts adults in them is often not badly-meant at all, but merely due to childish spirits. Therefore, a determined effort must be made to understand the little minds and discover what they really mean and want. The parent, especially the father, has to learn to be a real *pal* to them, a true companion, not a mere outsider who takes a polite interest in their doings, not even a mere father, who wishes their welfare.

Then again, children are *people*, and therefore they must be respected. We find that in Indian families children are indulged and petted, but seldom respected as individuals. Their separate personalities are not often considered, though as children in general they are placed on a pedestal. The father in the article I have been talking about, brings forward the example of asking children to run on errands and do all sorts of little help for adults, without considering whether the occupations and interests of the little ones are interfered with or disturbed thereby,—which certainly is obviously wrong. Children must be treated somewhat, therefore, as independent beings. It very often pays, when a boy is at fault, to have a straight talk with him, explain things to him, show him that he is a responsible member of the family, and appeal to his sense of honour and fair play, than summarily to correct or punish him.

Helping children on their way to growth is a great business. Since it is a venture, it requires study in each case, and it should give pleasure to the parents, not merely the satisfaction of an irksome sense of duty.

After all, he is an unnatural father who does not long to play an important part in his child's life, from the beginning onwards. The trouble is that his position has never been clearly defined.

Here is an experience from the same magazine, of a father, who tried all sorts of ways to be something in his baby daughter's life, in a well-regulated Western household, where children were brought up by rigid rules of hygiene and convention. He tells us that he was first considered to be a mere hanger-on whose foolish questions were to be summarily answered. The father naturally hoped to be more than that. He thought: "Here is a child, undoubtedly to grow up beautiful and attractive, and I ought to be permitted to be something to her, to ingratiate myself into her good graces, to help formulate her character and so on. Imagine that girl, thirty years from now, being interviewed for a magazine or paper! What should she say other than, 'To whom do I owe my success in my career? Why, to my dear, dear old Dad. He has made me what I am today!"

He tried singing to the baby, at which he was rather good, but he was told that he should not soothe the baby too much, or

it would not get enough exercise by crying. He tried to tell it stories, but the baby was too young to understand. At last, however, he got a job, and that was, "to show up once a week, assemble the scales, weigh her and get out." He took advantage of that. He combined music and talk with the weighing singing and talking to the baby in a low bass voice. He observed that the baby made sounds to go with certain grimaces. He imitated the sounds. "If she said 'yeeeeep' and stretched her mouth until she looked like Wallace Beery in a grin, I did the same. It went big. 'Yeep' with a wide grin, means, Well, Old Top, here we are again. How's things, anyway?

It took me three days to find the answer to this. It is like the plaintive call in the distance of a certain motor horn—Peep-Peep—not a loud, threatening PEEP-PEEP—but a tiny, intimate, cooing peep-peep. It means 'Great! Dad's tickled pink to see you again. How are they treating you?' Nobody understands this but us— unless *They* read this and they won't. They're too busy gobbling up serious literature on diet, habits, clothing and so on."

He and the baby began to understand each other, and then the father was allowed to have a whole hour with the infant. "I hope to tell you that this father's hour is the most colourful in the twenty-four. I've got an old mission chair that approximates a backyard see-saw. With Baby on one knee we look like a couple of Icelanders at their native manhandling sport of Gilma. Does she like it? "Yeeeeep! And many of them!

We have raw oranges; no strained stuff adulterated with boiled water.

As a cordial, we use one corner of a fat rejected manuscript; if the editors didn't like it, there somebody who does.

I'm going to get sentimental about that hour. I wonder how long—some day, do you suppose—. Looking down at that little face, wider than it is long, eyes studying the funny face above it—Hum, I wonder if we could always keep—. No I *won't* be sentimental about it. Some things you mustn't think about.

In this queer business of establishing a new, fresh baby in a household, I would make a plea that the father be included in the arrangements. He ought to insist that he have a place in the scheme of things; even if he has to be thoroughly boiled three minutes and sprayed with a mild solution of boric acid."

But, fathers require training, as much as mothers. In America, courses of such training have been started. At Colgate University, for instance, there is a course in the home-training of

children, as a part of the department of education. The following is the curriculum :

"The effect of home conditions and atmosphere (including marital harmony and discord) on the personality development of children ; the size of the family and its relation to child development ; parental care ; education for parenthood ; the instinctive equipment of children ; the psychological laws of child development; the importance of promoting adequate development of the child's mental life ; proper methods of handling children ; the development of the child's tastes, interests and ideals ; sex instruction ; special problems, such as wastefulness, disobedience, lying, temper tantrums, 'spoiled' children, thumb-sucking, shyness, children's fears, and how to develop initiative and self-reliance in children." And many of the young man liked and seriously discussed the questions !

"AN ADVISER"

2. THE EXPERIENCES OF AN INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR—1928

III

Arrival in London —As we started from Tilbury for London, our car came to a corner of the road, where I saw a tall policeman standing on a wooden post with red and green flags in both hands. No sooner had the policeman raised the red flag than the driver of our car pulled the brake and stopped the car dead. This system of controlling the traffic, and saving the public from accidents, was quite strange to my sight Tilbury is called the back door of London. Though it is a back door, on our way to London, I saw very nice country on either side of the road. In the fields were grazing cattle which were much larger than those met with in India. The reason is that they are well looked after ; moreover, the climate of this country is very healthy, and it is a gift of nature that the country is green the whole year through.

When we arrived in London, at our home near Victoria Station, we found some reporters waiting to take our photographs. They took several snaps of us outside the building. One photo was published in the *Times* and in several papers in India.

The house in which we lived is specially hired for the residence of Indian Orderly Officers It is very nice. There is a separate room for each officer and each room is well-equipped with furniture and bedding. There is a dining room, which is very comfortable, and also a library in which the photographs of all Indian Orderly

Officers since 1903 are kept; some historical books, and picturé books of the South African War and the Great War are available.

There are also indoor games. We used to get the "Fauji Akhbar" and the English daily picture papers. The Orderlies and cooks were also provided with separate rooms and bedding etc.; they were quite comfortable during their stay in London.

There is a Pensioner Conductor, who has a good knowledge of Urdu. He looks after the quarters and generally acts as an Assistant to the Officer-in-Charge of the Indian Orderly Officers. He has done this duty for twelve years, so he knows all about our requirements. He keeps the messing account of the officers and men, and gives every kind of assistance to them.

His wife also showed us every kindness during our stay.

Traffic in London.—The area of London is about 625 square miles. It is much crowded with buildings, shops, hotels, offices, and workshops. To facilitate the movements of the public and the traffic, it is laid out in three layers:—

1. Underground Railway (Tube Train.)
2. Overground Railway.
3. Overground traffic of buses, taxis, motor cars, motor cycles, lorries etc.

The Underground railway runs by electric power. It is rather puzzling for the new-comer to travel by, but once any one knows about it, he prefers it. It is much quicker to go by it from one place to another, than by any other method. There are many underground railway stations. Big boards in blue colour, marked in block letters "Underground", are put on the public roads to show the way to the stations. In some stations, to get to the underground, the public have to go on an escalator (moving ladder). Such is the rush on these underground railways that sometimes you cannot get room, though there is a train service each minute. You see the people not walking, but running; this is why the English are so active in India.

The roads of London are very broad and are made up of tar and other materials at great expense. The middle of the streets of London is for the traffic, the flanks being left for walking. Not a drop of water is to be found on the roads after the heaviest rain. They are as clean as glass. It is advisable to send representatives from the Municipalities of Indian towns to London to see the municipal arrangements there. Local Fund Boards, too, should see the streets in London and in the adjoining countries. Any one, who wants to realise what a man can do for the improvement of sanitation in his country, must see London. The traffic on the road runs at such a pace, that if any one wants to cross the road,

he must go to the place where the policeman stands.' He helps the public, by stopping the traffic.

The most remarkable thing about the London Police is the way they control the traffic in the streets. The taxi-drivers' skill as drivers and their implicit obedience to the police is an equally striking feature. I was also impressed by the readiness of the London Police to help the public, when they stand in need of information or direction to a particular place. Above all, they seemed to be conscious that they were the servants of the public and their ideas of duty were not limited by any laws.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

(To be continued)

THE Y. W. C. A.

WHAT IS IT ?

THE Young Women's Christian Association is the organization of a world-wide fellowship between nearly a million women and girls in 46 countries. It exists to promote the spiritual, intellectual and physical welfare of young women and to present fellowship and mutual service to them as the ideal of life. The world's Y. W. C. A. Committee is moving its Headquarters from London to Geneva in 1930. The purpose of this Committee is to coordinate the work and policy of the Association throughout the world and to do pioneer work in countries which have no association. The Committee meets every two years and its work is carried on by an international staff who travel in many countries. The international character of the Association makes it a common meeting ground for women of varying race and culture and provides a means through which they can keep in touch with other worldwide movements. It was founded on a Christian basis, its leaders and those who accept full membership belong to the Christian faith. Proselytising is alien to its spirit, but it welcomes into associate membership and equal privileges women of any faith and nationality who are in sympathy with its aim and purpose.

Its activities vary according to the needs of each country and community in which it has taken root. In China the work, started by a student group nearly forty years ago, now includes clubs and hostels for factory girls and Physical Training classes. Emphasis is put on training in home-making. The Association is under the control and leadership of Chinese women with the help of some foreigners from U. S A. and Great Britain. The

Association in Japan is as progressive as the country itself and has Industrial, business and student members. The leadership is largely Japanese. There is a different type of Association in Germany—there the work has developed in close co-operation with the State Church—its special interests being Bible Study and music.

In the United States of America, the Y. W. C. A. plays an important part in the life of the community. Many thousands of women and girls use its institutes and hostels. The Association in U. S. A. started in 1866. It sends secretaries and money to help associations in thirteen other countries.

In Great Britain, the Association has steadily widened its influence since its beginning.

Its Beginning and History.

At a time when pioneers of women's education in England were starting their crusade, and Florence Nightingale was opening a wider sphere of service for women by organising bands of nurses to serve in the Crimea, Emma Roberts and Mary Jane Kinnaird started an organisation for girls in 1855. Miss Roberts conceived the idea of a Prayer Fellowship. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Kinnaird, afterwards Lady Kinnaird, responded to the call for Social Service and opened a hostel for Crimean nurses in London. It was only natural that these two movements, which were started simultaneously independent of each other, should coalesce ; for, just as Miss. Roberts felt that prayer was an inspiration to practical service, so Mrs. Kinnaird was convinced that social service without the Christian ideal would be of no avail. The Y. W. C. A. sprang from these two sources, and it has always kept through many outward changes the characteristics of its foundation.

Work in India.

Past History.

Miss Butt, one of Miss Roberts' band who came to India as a missionary, started the first branch of the Y. W. C. A. in Bombay in 1875. The first group, composed of an Indian, an Anglo-Indian, a Scotch and an English Leader, was truly a heterogenous one. The work was carried on in English and Marathi. There were weekly Bible classes, Dorcas meetings and Flower and Pillow Missions, through which gifts of flowers with a friendly message attached was sent to patients in hospitals. By 1896, the need for centralizing the 47 English-speaking and 40 Vernacular-speaking branches scattered throughout the country was so keenly felt, that Miss Agnes Hill from U. S. A. was made the first National Secretary.

Y. W. C. A.

Anandagiri, Ootacamund.

Y. W. C. A.

NAIGON PLAY CENTRE, BOMBAY.

The work among Anglo-Indians revealed the urgent and increasing need for hostels and institutes for business girls, and with the local support of European firms in the large cities this need has been met to a certain extent. Hostels, Clubs, Holiday Homes, Summer Schools, Camps, Educational Classes, Physical Education and Study Groups were organized throughout the country to increase the usefulness of the Association to the women of India.

Great Britain, Canada, Australia and the United States of America have taken great interest in the work done in India and are helping by supplying secretaries and financing the work substantially.

A progressive step in the international spirit of the Association was taken at the Quadrennial Conference held in Calcutta in 1925, when the division of the association into "city" "and" "vernacular" departments was abolished and all except student work included under the general work of the Association.

Owing to the lack of suitable staff in the Hindi area the work of a number of small branches was handed over to missionary bodies until such time as Indian leadership should be forthcoming to strike out into new trails of service. In other parts of India, Burma and Ceylon, particularly in Madras and Rangoon where there was work for nurses, and in Trivandrum where the whole membership is Indian the work continued as part of the general association.

To-day.

There are 7875 members belonging to 41 general branches and 40 student and school-girl branches and Girl Guide Companies affiliated to the National Committee of the Y. W. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon which has its headquarters in Calcutta.

A number of Associations including those in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Colombo, Karachi, Poona, Lahore, Delhi and Bangalore have institutions for the general membership and hostels and clubs for business girls. There are holiday homes in all the principal hill stations open to all women.

Summer Schools are held in the South and North. Annual Summer Conferences are held at Anandagiri, the Y. W C. A. Conference Estate at Ootacamund, South India. These Conferences attract yearly, teachers, Girl Guides and other members from as far away as North India, Central Provinces, Rajputana and Ceylon.

Discussions, lectures and recreation find their due place in the programme and a spirit of international goodwill and fellowship is created.

The Conferences to be held this year are as follows, April 11th. 29th Association Conference, with lectures and discussions on the

Y. W. C. A., its international fellowship, methods of work, religious education etc. There are two Guiders Conferences, May 2nd to 19th, and June 10th to 25th, when full training in all Girl Guide subjects will be given by Diplomaed Guiders.

The Social Service Conference, May 21st to June 6th, is a new feature this year. Its leader will be Miss Iris Wingate, National Industrial Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and there will be lectures and discussions on methods of social service work, welfare work amongst industrial women, health centres, welfare work etc.,

There will be time and opportunity for recreation throughout the conferences, and walks, picnics, games, and sing songs.

The conferences are open to all women. Further details and registration forms may be had from Y. W. C. A. Headquarters, I-c, Ashutosh Mukerji Road, Calcutta.

The Social Service Centre in Naigaon, Bombay, is attempting to study the problems and meet the need of industrial women in their own homes. Of the hostels, the 'Student House' in Lahore and Mitra Bhavanam in Madras, both for professional women, and the Burmese and Karen Hostel in Rangoon, need special mention. The Travellers' Aid work in Colombo helps hundreds of emigrants and other travellers. Similar work in other parts is a boon to many a woman in need.

The Student Department of the Y. W. C. A. has awakened to its responsibilities and is alive to the burning questions of the day. Its membership is about 2600, made up of 16 students branches, 13 school girl branches and 29 Y. W. C. A. Girl Guide Companies.

What of the Future ?

At the Quadrennial Conference, which met in April 1929 at Ootacamund there was a strong conviction.

> "that the Y. W. C. A., as the only Women's Christian Movement for all India, has a distinct contribution to make to the life of India to day, in view of its international character and its equipment for service for all communities."

It was therefore resolved,

> "that this is the time when the development of Indian work should be emphasised and should be under the guidance and control of Indian Committees and Indian leadership."

This was a deliberate step forward, an assumption of the responsibility for an Indian Movement, a step towards which had been made in the recognition of equal membership made in 1925.

To carry out the spirit embodied in the resolution is the Association's task—during this quadrennium. The Indian Membership, apart from the Student Department at present, is small in proportion to the other membership. Members are pledged to

make the Association a vital factor to the women of India, that through it they may find fellowship with women of the same ideals and aspirations, and an outlet for service to their fellow women, irrespective of caste, community or creed, and as a band of Christian women who owe their allegiance to Christ and are pledged to serve the Church universal in every possible way.

C. BRADLEY.

FRIENDLY CHATS

CHILDREN AND RELIGION.

WHEN should we teach our children religion? In an English paper called "Good Housekeeping", I came across an article, in which the opinions of three men-writers were given on this important point. Two of them give it as their opinion that it is good to have a routine of religion in a child's life. The other writer thinks that the Christian practice has been to give too much religious teaching to the young He says: "Church, the Bible, collects, were crammed down his throat at an early age, with the result that he was soon either bored or else frankly alienated by the whole subject, until somewhere between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two, he evolved quite simply and naturally his own religion. And then, of all that carefully inculcated early teaching, but little remained except a memory of trying not to fidget on hard seats during unintelligible sermons, a flotsam of strange phrases comprehended too late—such as 'preventing us in all our ways' and 'what did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?' and a conception of God as a vindictive power, whom, since He possessed the unfair advantages of invisibility and ubiquity, it was obvious policy to have on your side. The result was that church, instead of being a place in which to worship and be grateful for the gift of life, became the very antithesis, a cold hostile house of restraint, and Sunday, instead of being a day of recreation, became a day of 'don'ts'. And all because parents honestly tried to teach their children religion as they knew it."

"It is certain", says a mother in The Parents' Magazine, "that a child is capable of receiving religious impressions long before he is capable of receiving religious instruction." There are some parents, however, who do not hold many religious convictions themselves. They wish to bring up their children in the same way, so that they may be free to form their own opinions later. This somehow seems very erroneous. Even if parents have outgrown elementary ethical principles, there is nothing wrong in teaching them to their children.

"All children are bound to get all sorts of religious and philosophical impressions from their friends, their teachers, the household servants, and from their reading. It is impossible to keep an intelligent child from forming definite pictures of God, of Christ, of the state of being after death, and so on. His curiosity goes out to find satisfactory explanations of his own being. It seems a tragic mistake for parents not to take at least as much pains with the formation of worthy religious concepts in their children as they do in providing them with the right schooling, the right diet and the right sort of amusements."

A child's religion "should be spontaneous, robust, ardent, without sentimentality, or pretence". The means to achieve such a result will differ in different cases and can only succeed through a quiet study of the child's temperament. But the journals I have mentioned here have laid down certain principles, which are worth considering by parents of all religions.

In the first place, children should be taught the spirit of tolerance in religion, and that they should never dare to laugh or mock at the beliefs of others.

Secondly, it should be remembered that children do not often understand the meaning of mere words. Terms of exact significance are often either misunderstood by them, or twisted into fantastic ideas. This tendency should therefore be taken into account, when teaching religion to children.

Thirdly, every child should be taught a beautiful idea of God, not as a chill, impersonal, unresponsive Being, but as someone who is as loveable as a kind parent, as merciful and understanding and humorous. Therefore, would it not be well to associate religious impressions with the feelings of love and dependence on the parents? Through the latter will come a friendly perception of the presence of God.

Then there is beauty in Nature, to which every child, as Wordsworth tells us, is awake. Their childish curiosity about the *Why* and the *Wherefore* in Nature can therefore be made the basis of philosophical enquiry ; and be sure that they can understand abstract truths as well as, if not better than, grown-ups sometimes. A mother tells us that, when her child was only twenty months old, "her French nurse used to call her attention on bright mornings to the fact that 'le bon Dieu' had sent her sunshine to play in, and, for a long time after the baby herself had achieved some command of speech, she never failed to point out the spot of sunshine when it appeared on the wall, announcing to me that God had given her a piece of His sunshine".

Thus, the idea of beauty in Nature can go with the idea of the beauty and the power of the Creator. And, the same thing can

happen with beauty in art, such as music, pictures, poetry. "If they can be helped to regard the works of art which they enjoy as fragmentary reflections of Ultimate Beauty, their religious experiences will be widened and enriched, and, in adult life, their powers of asthetic discrimination will have been sharpened."

Again, a child's religion should be healthy and enjoyable, vital and strong. Therefore, there is no reason, says a mother "why parents and gymnasium teachers and school nurses should fail to stress the counterpart to the ambition of physical training as a means to success, namely that the human body, as the temple of the Holy Spirit, must not be allowed to be a cause of weakness or failure in offering a noble and well-rounded life to God. Modern psychology is particularly valuable in its education of the emotions, as the means of preventing frustrations and warping of human personality, but one could wish that the emphasis were less in the direction of the realization of self-hood and more toward a union of a finite with an Infinite Self. The question of the methods whereby this co-ordination of physical, intellectual and emotional experience can be achieved through a child's religion demands at once more attention than can be given in a brief survey."

Again, religion and play ought to have a dependence on each other, though I am aware that such a theory will not find much favour in the eyes of old-fashioned parents. Children also need a religion of action. A mother thinks it is a good plan that children should be allowed to do something for their church, not only on Sundays, but also on week-days, and that their plans should be as much as possible made by themselves.

Here is a practical scheme laid down by a Christian mother and I do not see why it should not be adopted by mothers of other religions as well. She thinks that, even when babies have not learnt to speak yet, the habit of prayer should be inculcated in them, by grown-ups saying short prayers for them at rising-time and bed-time. By the time they are three, they can say little prayers for themselves. When they are five and six, they can be taught that prayers are just talk with God, that they can be said at all times, even as mere ejaculatory prayers, and that they must include petitions for others as well as for themselves.

"I shall tell my son," says this mother, "that the God of little children is close to him, His light burning bright and keeping him warm, when he tends the lamp with the oil of loving-kindness, true thoughts and friendly deeds. God makes him live with other children and would love him to be kind to others and try to make the world a happy place.

"I shall tell my son that God wants every child to lead a clean and holy life.

"If you are well and strong, your bright eyes will see many wonderful things, your mouth will say words that will help other people, your hands will do much willing work in a world where no one can be lazy, your legs will run long races for high prizes.

"I shall tell my son not to be frightened when he hears of a fiery Hell. Heaven and Hell are in his own hands. He has work to do. If he does it badly, punishment will follow, but not torture.

"I shall teach my son to read his scriptures, exactly as if they were a letter from his best friend.

And withal, I shall try to teach him to be sturdy and robust in his religion, not sloppy or sentimental, and to learn to hold his own, when he thinks he is right. When he grows older and able to think for himself, I shall tell him not to accept anybody's religious opinions but his own. He must stand out boldly for what he believes.

"So, live and love, think and pray, my little son. Make better friends each new day with that Other Father, who is your high companion. Care less for the things that money buys than for friendship with all mankind. And finally, recognize in those crystal-clear creative thoughts of yours a lasting proof of your relationship to the Creator of All Things."

"AMICUS"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. DORA

There is a poem called Dora, by Tennyson, which is a very interesting story. Perhaps you would like to hear it.

Once upon a time there lived a farmer called Allan. He had a son, William, and a niece, Dora. All three of them lived together in their farm. Dora was Allan's brother's daughter, and he loved her well and looked after her carefully, because, many years ago, he had quarrelled with her father, who had died in foreign lands, and to make up for his past hardship towards her father, he cherished the daughter with great kindness.

Old Allan's greatest wish was to arrange a marriage between his son William, and his niece Dora, and so, he called his son to him, one day, and said ;—

"My son :

I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die :
And I have set my heart upon a match.

Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
Take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage night and day,
For many years."

But William did not love Dora, and he was angry with his father for suggesting the match, and he refused to obey the former.

Now, Allan had a very bad temper, and he could not bear anyone disobeying him, so he said !—

"'You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again'".

His threats, however, did not frighten William, and even before the month was over William left his father's house, became a field labourer and married a girl called Mary Morrison.

This made Allan very angry indeed, and he gave strict orders to Dora that, if ever she spoke either to William or Mary he would have her in his house no more, and Dora promised to obey him, but she thought that such hardship could not last long, and she hoped her Uncle's mind would change.

"And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; and distress came on him:
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not."

But Dora saw how poor and miserable William was, and secretly she sent him the little savings she could collect together, without his knowing who sent it. The hard life and poverty, however, were too much for William, and one day he got fever and died.

At last, Dora felt she could obey her Uncle's hard command no longer, and she went to Mary and persuaded her to allow the little son to be set before Allan, who, being in a good mood at the full harvest which was being reaped that year, might bless the child for the sake of William who was now dead.

"And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;

And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark."

But the next day Dora took the child again, and this time Allan saw her, and grew very angry when he learnt that she had brought William's son to him, and as a punishment, he took the boy, but refused to have anything more to do with Dora.

So Dora went to Mary's house without the child, and, when the latter saw that her son was not there, she was at first glad that the grand-father had consented to look after him, but on hearing that Dora had been driven from the farmer's house, she said:— " 'This shall never be,

That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.' "

The two women, therefore, went to the farmer's house, and there they found the child playing upon his grandfather's knees; but as soon as he saw his mother he cried to go to her. Mary then begged Allan to take back Dora, and return her son.

" 'And let all this be as it was before' "

Then, there was silence in the room, and suddenly the old man cried out;—

" 'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children' "

Then they clung about

" 'The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child
Thinking of William.' "

So those four abode

" 'Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

PUNKAJAM.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DEAR CHILDREN,

I expect all of you have some hobby and other, which keeps you interested in dull moments. If any of you have not got a hobby, you ought to try and get one as soon as possible. There are so many you can have, and it is so easy to start one. Of course, as soon as you begin, you will become so absorbed in it that it will afford you endless pleasure and excitement.

Collecting certain special things is often the best kind of hobby for children. For instance, take stamps. If you start collecting stamps of different countries, you will learn a vast amount of geography, and also develop your sense of patience and carefulness ; for, when you collect stamps, you have to clean them and stick them carefully on mounts in your album in the pages allotted to the countries to which they belong. You have to be very gentle with each stamp as you clean it ; for the least roughness on your part often ruins the entire value of your stamp. You also ought to have the latest stamp catalogue and try to value the price of each stamp, and make out the slight differences in water-marks, etc. which so often distinguish stamps which outwardly look alike. A little magnifying lense will help you a great deal. One word of advice before I close on stamp collecting. Do not, in your enthusiasm, spend too much money on buying stamps. The best way to collect is to get to know other people, who are interested in the same hobby, and exchange your spares with theirs.

There are other things you can collect, besides stamps, such as post cards, coins, cigarette labels, match labels and various other things ; but I think stamps are the most interesting.

A very exciting hobby for children is to have a museum. If there is a tiny room, which is not being used in your house, ask your mother to let you use it. Then, after having cleaned it out thoroughly, arrange little tables and shelves in it, and start collecting any unique objects that you may come across. Make a point of labelling and cleaning each article as soon as you find it. On the label, say what it is, where you found it, and when. You must see that your museum is kept clean and dusted every day, and a good idea will be to have a visitor's book, and ask all those who come to see you to step into your museum, and, after having looked round, to sign their names and add a remark.

Another really interesting hobby is taking photos. Perhaps your parents may give you a present of a camera on a birthday or Christmas. Then, you can start taking snaps and keep a memorandum of all the places and sights you have seen. If possible, you must try and develop and print the photos yourself. You can-

not imagine what fun it is to stand in a dark room and watch the pictures slowly taking shape on your film.

If you are inclined for writing; keep a diary, and everyday jot down your impressions of what you have seen and the things which struck you most. Perhaps this may help you one day to become a great poet or novelist.

There are innumerable other hobbies I can mention; but it will be unnecessary for me to do so, as I am sure you can think about them yourselves. One very important thing I must tell you before I close, and that is—you must *not* get so interested in your hobby that you neglect your other daily duties. You must not let your hobby interfere with your work. A hobby creates a new interest for you in life, and helps to lessen the boredom of leisure hours. Do not, therefore, waste the time, allotted for your lessons and other important tasks, on your hobby.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

3. FLOWERS.

1. There are many lovely flowers,
   That open in the sunny hours,
   But some shy little lilies white,
   Are the ones that bloom by night.

2. The lily, tho' only white in colour,
   And differing from the rose in odour,
   Is the flower that teaches purity,
   To every one who owns vanity.

3. The rose is by far the best,
   In the beauty of its crest.
   And calls itself a queen,
   Tho' prettier flowers are seen.

4. They are made for the bride to wear,
   In her long and flowing hair,
   When, in time, she leaves her mother,
   To spend her life, beside another.

5. They are carried along with the dead,
   On whom many a tear is shed,
   So you see they really borrow,
   Our joy, as well as our sorrow.

BY AN INDIAN GIRL OF 13.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XX. FAILURE TO GAIN WEIGHT.

ONE of the many complaints with which a mother is confronted is that her baby does not gain in weight. She might have tried many of the infant foods that have filled the market, or she might have fed the baby on mixed diet. But, in spite of every care, the child grows thin, becomes pot-bellied and wasted. Hé suffers from marked constipation. There is slight fever at times, the skin is hot, he is restless at nights, the appetite is poor and the weight is at a stand-still for some time. He is looked upon as a delicate child, he gets boils, suffers from sore mouth or a discharge from the ears, which resists all reasonable treatment.

Failure to gain weight is fairly common, but is not ordinarily recognised, some mothers being satisfied with a mere live child; and, where it is recognised, its cause is rarely diagnosed in time to prevent mischief, with the result that symptoms alone are treated and much time and money are wasted. In 75 per cent of cases, the fault lies in the feeding of the infant ; and in only 25 per cent, the fault is in the infant. The common faults in feeding are :—

1. Insufficient feeding and thus withholding the necessary supply of nutrition,
2. Deficiency of Vitamins in the food,
3. Too much feeding,
4. Too much sugar,
5. Excess of starch containing food,
6. Irregularity of feeding,
7. The bulk of the feeds being greater than the age of the infant should permit,

Whatever may be the error, the result is the same, failure to grow, this being due to an ill-balanced diet with lack of assimilation.

The faults in the infant may be :—

1. Some recent illness accompanied by loss of appetite,
2. Constipation,
3. Some disorders of the bowels such as Diarrhoea or Dysentry,
4. Syphilis—Congenital,
5. Tuberculosis.
6. Enlargement of the liver,
7. Malarial influences,

8 Intestinal worms.

It may be broadly stated that in infants up to 12 months old or thereabouts, the cause lies mostly in unsuitable feeding or enlargement of the liver. Between one and three years of age it is associated with rickets—a disease again due to deficiency in the food elements—or with worms. After the age of 3, especially in children having a hereditary tuberculous taint, it may be associated with Tuberculosis either of the lungs or bowels or any other organ of the body Syphilis may manifest itself at any age. The secret of success in treating such a child depends upon the mother remembering the fact that, roughly speaking, human milk contains 2 per cent protein, 3 per cent fat and 7 per cent carbohydrate or P2, F3, C7. whereas cow's milk is P4, F4, C4. Without such figures constantly in the mind of the mother bringing up her child on artificial feeding, it is impossible to work out where the fault has been in feeding and how to correct it. A few useful hints will be found to be valuable and may here be enumerated :—

1. One measured teaspoon to top milk added to 3 oz. of milk mixture (i. e. 1 of milk and 2 of diluent) will make 3 per cent of fat, the same as mother's milk.

2. A lump of butter, the size of a green pea added to 3 oz. of milk mixture will make 3 per cent fat.

3. One lump of sugar, or one level teaspoon of Mellin's Food, added to 3 oz. of milk mixture will make 5 per cent carbo-hydrate.

4. The milk of a cow is better than any patent food,

5. If you should use a dried milk food, always use one teaspoonful less than the directions given on the tin.

6. If a child is not satisfied with the quantity of the food in its bottle, increase the quality, for the stomach of a child under 6 months will not hold a greater quantity than one oz over its age in months.

7. Give plenty of boiled water between feeds

Treatment of this condition is entirely dieteic in most cases. The digestive system of the child should be first given rest for 24 hours by giving nothing but barley water or rice water. No sugar should be added at least for 3 days, but $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ grain of saccharine can be substituted in order to make the food palatable. After 24 hours of plain barley water or rice water, put the child on *skimmed milk* and this should be the sole diet for at least one week. On the first day give a dilution of 1 in 3, the second day 1 in $2\frac{1}{2}$, on the third day 1 in 2, on the fourth day 1 in $1\frac{1}{2}$ and so on until the baby gets pure skimmed milk if it is over the age of 6 months. For children under 6 months the proportionate dilution should be maintained. By similar progression, the infant should be gradually got back to ordinary cow's milk within 2

weeks. The amount of skimmed milk given per day should be $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. per pound of weight, per day. For a baby weighing 10 pounds, 15 oz. of skimmed milk should be given.

On the third or fourth day of this treatment, one teaspoon of Mellin's food may be added to the diluted skimmed milk and this can also be increased progressively up to 2 teaspoons per feed, depending upon the requirements.

On this line of treatment the child begins to gain weight and the tongue becomes clean and healthy. Then, and not until then, which usually take place within 2 weeks, the diet can be increased to the normal and healthy optimum. Medicines are not called for : but fruit juice should be given at least one ounce per day.

Some may be inclined to order cod-liver oil or other tonics, hoping thereby to strengthen the baby. But, if these things are ordered before correcting the digestion on the lines indicated above, they will only make matters worse.

This treatment applies only to those cases of failure to grow, which are due to digestive and mentioned disturbances. Other causes should be appropriately treated

FOOT NOTE :—1. Skimmed milk is a fat-free easily-digested food and is made by simmering milk in an open basin for half an hour ; remove, and put in a cool place for 2 hours, after which you will find that the fat has risen as top milk. This is removed by means of a flat spoon to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The milk below is called the skimmed milk. If natural skimmed milk is hard to get, Horlick's malted milk or any of the patent skimmed milk-foods can be used temporarily. They are approximately fat-free and should not be used longer than one to two weeks, by which time some arrangement can be made to procure natural skimmed milk, if the treatment requires to be prolonged.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Colour harmony

The other day, while walking along the streets, I came across a woman dressed in a mauve blouse and a green and red Sari. It gave me a distinct shock to see her, for such a scheme of colours is jarring to the eyes. It upsets the nerves and takes away the feeling of good-fellowship towards others. And still there are innumerable women in India today, who are seen dressed in such gruesome colour schemes. Should we unhesitatingly accuse them of having no taste, or should we be more merciful and say they do it out of thoughtlessness to the feelings of others? Perhaps, if they

could see themselves as others see them, they would amend their ways, or perhaps they have their own arguments in defence of their colour schemes. "India is well known for her gorgeous display of colours", they may say. "Why should we not deck ourselves in as many colours as we can ?"

Yes, quite true, India's beauty consists in the bright spots of colour, which every now and then break into view on the landscape, and it will indeed be a sorrowful day when we can no longer see colours on the street; but, at the same time, can we not preserve this Oriental display of colours without its being jarring to the eye?, Need a woman dress in mauve and green and red, that she may keep up the Eastern tradition of splendid colours ?

The other day, I came across a description of the dresses that Indian ladies wore at an important party, in which the costume of each individual woman was a perfect colour scheme, with nothing jarring to the eyes. Each woman, taken by herself, was a pretty sight of harmony and taste, and still, the whole scene, taken *ensemble*, must have indeed afforded a very bright patch of Oriental colouring. Yes, this is what we want in these modern days. Each individual should see that the colours, which she herself wears, harmonise with each other.

I can imagine a looker-on remark on the general effect of the scene of the aforementioned party ;—"Oh, what wonderful colours ! It is almost like a scene in fairyland, and still there is not a single lady dressed in colours which do not match."

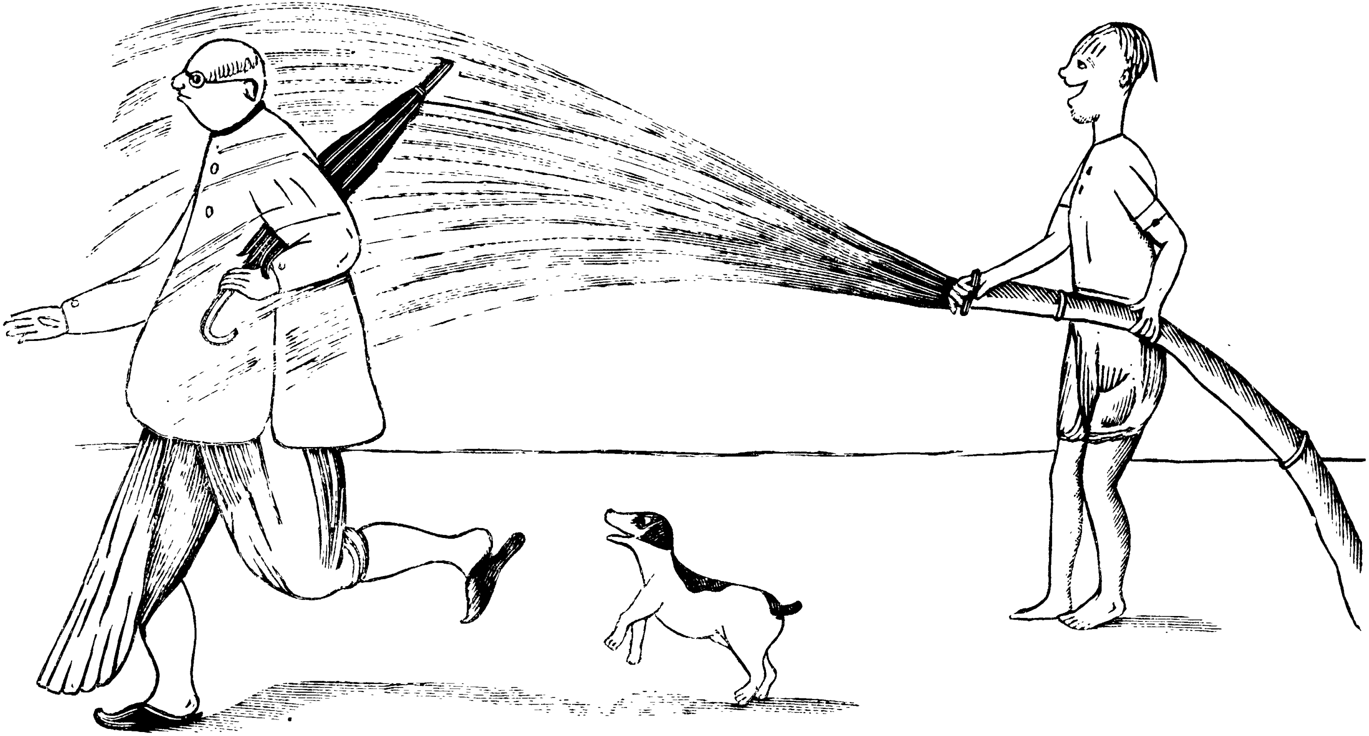
SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CHEAP ORNAMENTS.

THE character of the lady of the house is often revealed in the way her home is furnished, and especially in the way she arranges her sitting-room. A trivial mind is revealed in the display of cheap ornaments. A woman, who wishes to make a show out of little money, crowds her sitting-room with cheap ornaments, and a visitor, entering the room for the first time, is astonished at the outward gorgeousness all arround him; but, if he happens to be a sensible man, with a little artistic taste, his astonishment very soon changes to something like disgust, and his opinion of his hostess goes down a great deal ;—for what does he see before him—cheap prints on the walls, hung there to attract the eye; artificial flowers in gaudy vases, posing in all their stiff majesty, but in vain trying to imitate the natural glory of real flowers; ornamental shells and cheaps china crowding every

HOW TO KEEP COOL



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE, FEB. 1930

available space on tables and shelves, flimsy curtains flapping in the breeze, glittering glass shining in every corner, and furniture which gives one a hope of comfort; but which, on trial, proves to be made of some hard cheap substance, covered over by gay cretonne.

Yes, it is far better to have a few really good ornaments than to indulge in cheap articles. One good print on the wall is better far than ten bad ones. One real rose, standing in a chaste vase in all its natural glory and perfume is more becoming than a dozen bunches of artificial flowers. Arrange your home so that it may afford true comfort and display real art.

PADDY.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES OF LAST MONTH.

Anxious Mother: How can I make a bashful child come forward.

Bashfulness, we are told, comes from emotional inhibition. Being uncertain how to act in certain situations, the child is disturbed in his mind, and his activity is checked. The best cure is to make him part of a play group, and gradually accustom him to larger groups and new people.

Again, a child may be shy, because he feels he is inferior in some respects to others. The best thing is to try to provide him, with things which are at least average. The mother should always encourage the child, by creating situations for him, or by seeing that he is included in everything, even though he may not wish to come forward. The bashful child is always timid, he sometimes wishes to take the lead; but is too shy to ask for it. Well then, give him the lead sometimes; if he fails, encourage him and explain the reason of his failure, but do not laugh at him. A constant notice is sometimes necessary to make a bashful child come forward, and constant encouragement. Correction, of course, will sometimes be necessary, but it is better to be more lenient than otherwise, for sometime at least. Later on, it may be necessary to draw in a little, and not push the child forward too mcuh lest he should turn out a prig

MOTHER CONFESSOR.

"Keep bashful children under observation for some time. Approach them in a variety of ways to find out the easiest way of capturing their attention, which is only another name for the pleasure which they feel. It is necessary that we should know something of the child-mind. Play and pleasure are the chief

factors guiding children. So whatever we do must be such as to create pleasure in them. Mix freely with them in their games and draw them to your company by free and pleasant conversation on matters which they like.

The seniors must take them on excursions and offer them prizes for their increased attention. We must impress the children with a sense of their self-importance by giving them the highest place in the family circle. Interesting stories told in a "homely-way" will go a great way to help us in this effort. Always try to create in them an interest in their surroundings, which must go on expanding as they grow older and older.

M. C. AMMU THAMPURATTI.

NEW QUERIES.

1. *Eager Mother.*

How can I help my child with his home work?

2 *Philanthropic one.*

How can I start a Baby-Welfare centre in my little town ?

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(SELECTED)

CHOCOLATE STARS.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg	1 teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted lard	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa
1 cup flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Blend the sugar, egg yolk and lard. Add gradually the other ingredients, which have been mixed together and sifted twice. Beat the egg-white stiff and stir it in. Work in just enough additional flour to enable you to handle the dough. Cut in star shape and bake.

CHOCOLATE NUT COOKIES.

1 cup brown sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 squares chocolate	1 cup chopped walnut meats
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	

Cream sugar, egg and butter, add sour milk, melted chocolate, flour sifted with salt and soda, then vanilla and nuts. When thoroughly mixed, drop from teaspoon on to greased pans. Bake in moderate oven until crisp. These are very nice, covered with any preferred icing and sprinkled with chopped nut meats.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

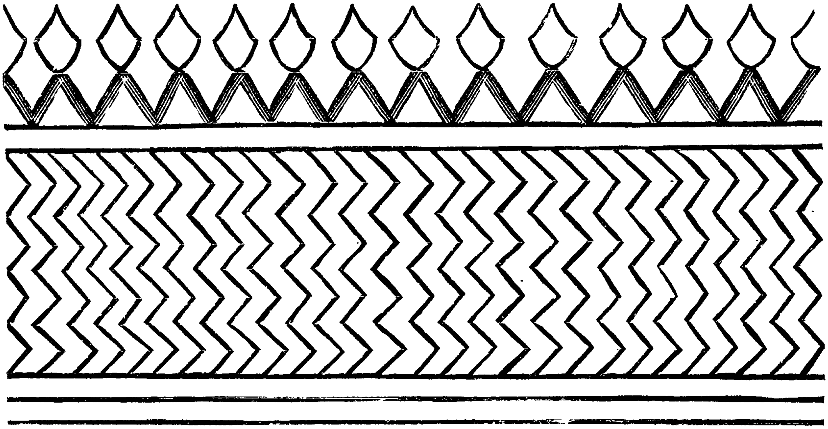
1 cup butter
$1\frac{1}{3}$ cups sugar
$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 cup seeded raisins
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely shaved citron
1 cup currants
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg-whites
Pinch of salt
1 whole egg
1 teaspoon vanilla

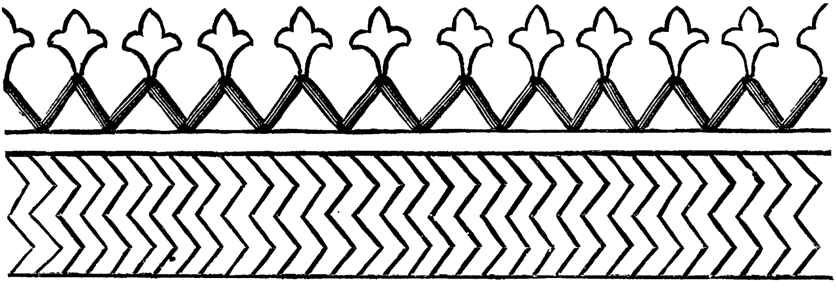
Cream butter with sugar gradually, add whole egg, then milk alternately with flour which has been sifted three times with baking powder and salt. Keep some of the flour out and cover raisins and currants with it. Put layer of dough in buttered cake pans, then sprinkle with citron and so on until pans are three-quarters full. This will make two loaves (small bread pan size). Bake in moderate oven.

—From *The Parents' Magazine.*

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

SOME DESIGNS FOR SAREE BORDERS





OUR HEALTH NOTES

PERSONAL HEALTH EXPERIENCES

YOUNG AT SEVENTY-FOUR

"How do you account for the fact that you are equal to more work and in better shape physically than many of your contemporaries, and many who are younger than you?" I asked my neighbour, who was selling me tomato plants from his greenhouse, and who, though I knew him to be in the seventies, had been stooping over the cold frames here and there, with no effort and none of the evidence of rheumatism which one sees in much younger men. He paused a moment. "It's work that keeps people spry!" he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, you have always worked, but there must be other habits of life which have tended to keep you so well. You are unusual" I knew that he did not use tobacco or alcoholics.

"I suppose I am, for I am seventy-four years old. I can get more work done in a day than any man I can hire. I'm up at four o'clock and work steady till dark. Doctor M—says I'm the best preserved person in Rockingham Country."

I could well believe this, for he runs a farm, raises many fruits, keeps bees and runs a greenhouse. He is always alert, always busy, stands perfectly erect, and his eyes are noticeably clear and bright.

"Do you take a nap or rest during the day?"

"No, I'm never tired enough, I very rarely sleep in the day—some can, I can't.

"Do you consciously straighten yourself during the day?"

"O, yes! It's just great when you are walking up hill, to stop and straighten up and fill your lungs with fresh air. My lungs are the strongest part of me: I never have colds. But it is bicycle riding that got me in the habit of standing straight. I've ridden thousands and thousands of miles. Bicycle riding is good for you, if you do it right. Some lean over and lose the good of it, and injure themselves. A bicycle should be adjusted, so that you sit straight and breathe freely and get the benefit of it. I rode from Epping to Boston (seventy miles the way I went). It was ten o'clock as I left Epping and I reached Boston just before dark."

"You stopped to eat on the way, of course?"

"Yes, but I'm careful what I eat. Most people eat too much, more than they can carry around. I eat very little meat—haven't eaten a pound of meat in a year. A meal with bread and milk or cheese is all anyone needs; vegetables are good, too. I eat a great deal of bran, it's a good regulator. All greens are good. Anything with a green leaf that is eatable is good for you! Lettuce has great food value. For the labouring man, beans are as good as any article of diet."

Being a fruit farmer, Mr. Davis eats freely the fruits. He is a great walker. I recall a time when he worked at a distance of twenty miles from his home. He used at that time to walk on Monday morning to his work and get there by seven-thirty. On Saturday, after work, he walked home. This was since he was sixty years old. To see him now walking about his farm, I think a stranger would not take him to be over fifty. (G. H.)

FROM WEALTH AND WELFARE

NEWS AND NOTES

(SELECTED)

THE GIRL GUIDE MOVENENT IN S. INDIA.

Few people realise how the Girl Guide movement has grown during the past year or two. There are altogether 3,732 Guides in the Presidency and Travancore. Companies are found everywhere, in Government, private and Mission schools. Sixteen flocks of Bluebirds (i. e., children under 11 years of age) have been registered in the girls' schools of the Madras Corporation, and another sixteen are shortly to be added, while a company has been formed with 30 keen Guides in the Hobart Government School. This is the first Mahomedan company in the Presidency. In Travancore, the work is making great strides, and companies and flocks are being organised, not only in large centres, such as Trivandrum and Kottayam, but also in the villages of the districts. The sister of H. H. the Maharajah has been enrolled and is recognised as the First Guide of the State.

All this requires organisation, training and money. As to organisation, South India is at present divided up into three divisions, viz., Madras, Nilgris and Travancore, each with a Divisional Commissioner and Divisional Secretary. A large division like Madras, is again divided up into districts under District Commissioners. The following is a list of the present officers: Provincial Commissioner, Mrs. A. Y. G. Campbell; Provincial Secretary, Mrs. F. E. James; Provincial Trainer, Miss O. Hillbrook.

The official trainer for the Province is Miss Hillbrook, who visits divisions and districts. holds Guiders' conferences and training camps, and organises new companies and flocks. Last year, 75 guiders from the Presidency and Travancore attended the training courses at the Y. W. C. A Summer School at Ootacamund, and of these 90 per cent were Indian.

Preparations are now being made for a Guide 'Week' in Madras. Commissioners, Guiders, Guides and Blue-birds are expected from every division in the Presidency ,and the programme will

include a Grand Rally on Saturday the 22nd, a public entertainment at the Museum Theatre on Thursday, the 20th, and Purdah entertainment on Monday, the 17th. It is hoped that all who are interested will keep these dates free. The Girl Guide Movement is a great crusade for the teaching of citizen-ship to the girls of this country, a crusade in which Indians and Europeans co-operate in constructive work. Like all such enterprises, besides organisation and trained leadership, it needs money, a considerable amount of which has to be raised from the public. The entertainment at the Museum Theatre on February 20 is being held for the purpose of collecting funds to enable the Association to continue its work, and it is certain that anyone who knows anything of the movement in the Presidency will gladly buy tickets for this show.

TO HELP WOMEN.

Madras Seva Sadan's Work.

The Madras Seva Sadan is an organisation which gives educational facilities to adult women belonging mainly to the poorer classes, in order to enable them to earn an indepen dent living. The pupils are said to be mostly either widows or women deserted by their husbands, and who have no other protection. The course of instruction imparted in the institution is divided into two sections—the industrial and the general education section. The industrial section is aided by the Industries Department. The Director of Public Instruction has granted temporarary recognition to the general education classes as a special school under the Madras Educational Rules.

The recurring expenditure of the general education section is estimated at Rs. 10,816, and the non-recurring expenditure at Rs. 2,200. The management of the Seva Sadan has applied for a recurring grant of Rs. 10,000 a year, and a non-recurring grant of Rs. 2,000. The Director, however, suggests that a sum of Rs. 3,956 for general expenditure, and Rs 1300 for equipment may be admitted for fixing the grant. The Director has recommended the payment of a non-recurring grant of Rs. 650 for equipment and a recurring grant of one-half of the expenditure, subject to a maximum of Rs. 2,000 a year.

The Director's recommendation has been approved and the grants wlll be paid from the current official year. The expenditure in the current year will be met by re-appropriation.

CHILD WELFARE WORK

Dr. Christine J. Thomson, Lady Irwin Special Research Worker, delivered an interesting and instructive address. Dr. Thomson

defined the object of maternity and child welfare work as the prevention of disease and ill-health among expectant and nursing mothers, and children under 5 years of age, and for lowering of maternal and child mortality. The means of carrying out the work were the ante-natal and child welfare centres, with their doctors, health visitors, and mid-wives, linked up with hospitals, private practitioners and other agencies. She said the need for the work was enormous. In England there was much concern, because the maternal death rate for 1928 was 4·42 per 1,000 births. But in India the figures, for 1926 (which are the latest obtainable) are: Madras Presidency, 15 deaths per 1000 births; Bombay Presidency, 13 deaths per 1,000 births; and Calcutta, 38 deaths per 1,000 births.

The figures for Indian hospitals were even higher, because many of the cases brought to hospitals were hopeless when they entered, although earlier treatment might have saved them. The difficulties in India were great because of the size of the country; the number of people living in small villages, away from hospitals and doctors; and the fact that many women lived in purdah.

The diseases affecting expectant mothers varied greatly with the locality in India, and all factors had to be considered in launching an All-India "Save the Babies" campaign. Some of the other factors which make the task doubly difficult were dietetic deficiencies, inadequate and uninspected milk supply, infected water, hosts of insect "carriers," bad housing, and insanitary habits, tropical diseases, including various intestinal parasites, and enervating climate. Added to this there was a most inadequate system of registration of deaths, making figures regarding maternal and infants' and children's deaths unreliable.

Dr. Thomson praised very highly the Government Hospital for Women and Children, which she said was the best in the East, and well-equipped for research work. Madras did not possess even one children's hospital. The provision of an adequate maternity service for ante-natal clinics, and the training of indigenous dais or barber midwives were two of the urgent needs of India.

In conclusion, Dr. Thomson, urged the importance of more research work in India, following up the work already done by Dr. Florence Barnes, Dr Curiel Wilson and Dr. Balfour.

AN ALL-ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

(By Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins.)

Each Continent of the World has its own distinctive characteristics. Europe,—Asia,—America,— what different feelings they call up in our minds! Asia, which contains more than half the population of the world, is utterly different from Latin and Teutonic

Europe, or futurist young, America. Each has its gifts for the world. Each must retain its individuality for the enrichment of human unity.

The worid "Oriental" best expresses the quality of Asia. It calls up the quietness, simplicity, agriculture rather, than industrialism; arts and crafts rather than mass factory production; a realisation of Time stretching behind and before in aeons, an ever-present sense of a world of the spirit interpentrating this world of the senses, poverty, pain, poise, patience, peace.

In the extremes of honour and of serfdom accorded to its Womanhood, Asia is one. In its worship of the Family, in the hopes of the here and the hereafter that it places in the Child, in its marriage codes, in its illiteracy, in its present renaissance, Asia is one. It has messages concerning the sanctity of life; the vocation of woman as race nourisher; ideals of art, philosophy and spirituality of a complementary nature to the views on these subjects entertained by other continents. None hold this Oriental culture more tenaciously, more authentically than its women. But the Chinese woman sees more of her American sister than of her Burmese neighbour; the Hindu woman knows more of her British sister than of her Arabian or Afghan relative.

The tides of Western influence are pouring in on the oriental woman from all sides. They are already putting a modernist veneer over Japan. They have swept away cultural landmarks of Turkestan women. They seek to cast a glamour over India. The power to sift what is essential, what is appropriate for Asia from this surging life can only be wisely gained, if ASIA AS ASIA gets together to review her own uniqueness, if she takes stock of her own assets of civilisation.

How can Asia's gifts be preserved? By bringing together the closest custodians of her inherent life, the women of Asia, that they may discuss their own cultural problems, and, through a better knowledge of their fundamental differences from women of other lands, may the more valuably be able to solve their difficulties, appreciate at its legitimate value the interchange of gifts from other lands, and through keener appreciation of human relationships be the better fitted to preserve the peace of the world. It is essential that they meet face to face to know their common heritage, so that they may become self-conscious of the spiritual gifts with which they can serve the world.

The women of India have already experienced the inspiration of gathering together from all parts of India, and have realised the power of united service of the needs of this country. The women, who met at the Women's Pan-Pacific Conference in Honolulu, joined the hands of East and West. Women of Europe have many

times rejoiced in their solidarity. The women of the America made vital contacts in their Pan-American Conference—but Asia lags behind in unified self-consciousness.

Cannot Bharatmata, Mother India, the foster mother of Asia's cultures, the caravanserai of Islam from the West of the Aryan from the North, of the Buddhist returning from the East, cannot she call her daughters to her shores, so that in a joint family they may review their Oriental qualities and defects; organise the first of their own and world service; strengthen one another by understanding, knowledge of data, interchange of experience; remedy the evils of their illiteracy, their high death-rate, their infant mortality, their unequal national status. Such a union of Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Burmese, Javanese, Indian, Afghan, Tibetan, Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Jewish and other Asian women, can be brought together, if a loving, wise, call to unity is sent forth bravely, strongly, unselfishly. Through such a Conference of Asian women, more easily than in any other way can oriental gifts of spiritual consciousness, the fundamental value of the family, the holiness of Motherhood, the restfulness of simplicity, the happiness of unselfish service, be organised and made available for the helping of humanity.

Shall not we, awakened and unified women in India, invite the representatives of all the Asian family to meet in this focal, magnetic point of Asia as soon as possible? Honolulu will see another Pan-Pacific Women's Conference in August 1930, and China in 1932. Let us plan for an All-Asian Women's Conference for 1931.

Offers of co-operation with this proposal, and opinions and suggestions concerning it are requested to be sent to Mrs. Cousins, International Representative of the Women's Indian Association, Pantheon Gardens, Egmore, Madras, who is willing to undertake the preliminary organisation of the Conference if sufficient approval of it is expressed.

—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

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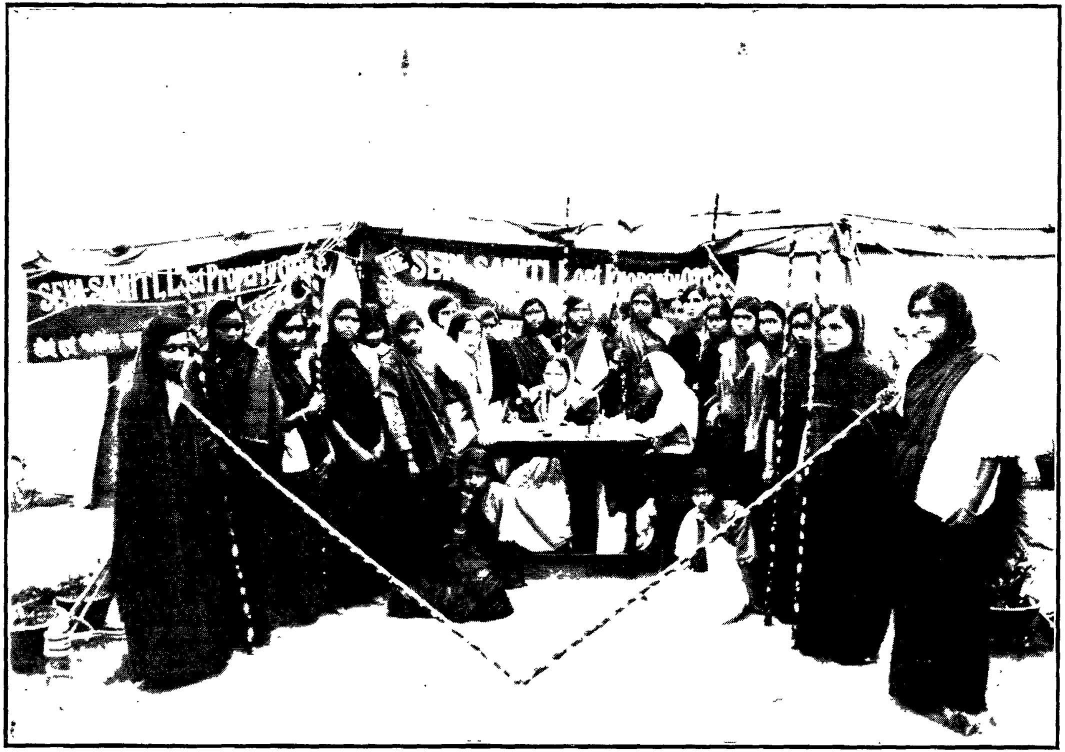
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN APRIL 1930.

1. Girl Guides All-India Seva Samiti
2. Some Prominent Tennis Players—(1) Maharaj Kumari Jati Devi and Ghowdhuri. (2) Mrs. and Miss Row of Bombay. (3) Miss. M. R. Kowasji. (4) Mrs. Butler. (5) Miss Kamala Gopala Menon. (6) Miss Padmini Satthianadhan.
3. Mrs. Patwardhan.



A group photo of the Girl Guides of the All-India Seva Samiti, Allahabad, who worked at the recent Kumbha Mela held at Allahabad.

Photo by : I. N AGENCY, Srirangam.